



No. 279.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6³/₄d.



MISS LOWTHER HAS CHALLENGED CAPTAIN HUTTON TO FIGHT WITH FOILS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

HE WROTE "THE SONG OF THE SHIRT."

It is a curious coincidence that, while we have been lamenting the death of the great Humanitarian Statesman, we are also called to remember the centenary of the birth of the great Humanitarian Poet of the century, for, if Tom Hood had written nothing but "The Song of the Shirt," he would be entitled to that description. Strangely enough also, the two



WHERE TOM HOOD LIES BURIED IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

Photo by York and Son, Notting Hill, W.

men were of Scottish origin. Hood's father was a Dundee man who had come to London as a bookseller, so that Hood was ushered into a world of books on May 23, 1799. Had he not been born within range of Bow Bells, it may be questioned whether his genius would have yielded up what it did, for London was Cockaigne in poetic essence. He was educated in London, though he spent the years 1815-18 in Dundee to recruit his poor health, and he lived his life in and for London. He began his journalistic career in 1821 as sub-editor of poor John Scott's *London Magazine*. From that date to 1844, the year before his death, Hood led an extraordinarily active life. In 1829, when he was editing the *Gem*, he wrote his weird "Eugene Aram's Dream," and in 1830 he started his *Comic Annual*. He was gay in spite of all misfortunes, and he had many. First, his publisher smashed; then his health broke down, and he led a wandering life in Germany and Belgium during the years 1835-40. When he came back to London it was as a broken man. Yet he smiled serenely amidst it all by writing "Miss Kilmansegg," and he capped his fame by writing for the Christmas Number of *Punch*, 1843, the immortal "Song of the Shirt," which was really the kernel of the humanitarian movement, rendered possible in all the prosaicism of factory legislation. Poor Hood! His own case was almost as pitiable as that of the weary seamstress. The following Christmas found him a hopeless invalid in bed, in receipt of a pension of £100 a-year from Sir Robert Peel, whose statue flanks the grave of Gladstone this day. His last literary production was a letter to his benefactor on the estrangement between classes in modern society. Death came at last to him on May 3, 1845, and he was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where, in 1854, the handsome monument herewith illustrated was erected over his grave by public subscription. The sides are adorned with bas-reliefs from "Eugene Aram's Dream" and "The Bridge of Sighs," while beneath his bust runs the legend of his great service to humanity—

He sang the song of the shirt.

The pedestal contains the inscription—

In Memory
of
THOMAS HOOD.
Born
23rd May, 1798.
Died
3rd May, 1845.
Erected
by
Public Subscription,
A.D. 1854.

SHE FENCES WITHOUT ANY SKIRT.

Miss T. Lowther, whose challenge to Captain Hutton, the celebrated fencer, has caused so much excitement in the fencing world, is a daughter of Captain Lowther, R.N., and has studied the graceful art for the last three or four years under some of the best Continental masters. She has now reached a stage which makes her a match for some of the best male exponents of the art. Her style is the French school combined with some of the best points of the Italian. She thinks it a pity that the art is not more cultivated in England, as, on account of their physique, the English ought to produce the finest fencers in the world. Fencing is especially adapted for women, as it brings into play almost all the muscles of the body, giving them health and grace and doing away with stiffness and angularity. Of course, a proper costume should be worn, as no one can possibly fence in long skirts. Granting this, and that she is moderately strong, there is no reason why a woman should not excel in the art, and, if properly masked and padded, there is no more danger for a lady than for a man. To show that a lady can become a good fencer without devoting all her time to it, it must be noted that Miss Lowther has taken her degree as a Bachelor of Science at the University in Paris, has a diploma for music, and is now cultivating a beautiful voice under Madame Laborde.

Speaking of fencing, one may fitly refer to the admirable picture of M. Coquelin as Cyrano de Bergerac, which has been taken by M. Paul Boyer, who manipulates the flash-light in a remarkably clever way. His work is now well known to Londoners, for it was recently exhibited at Hanover Gallery, in New Bond Street, and M. Boyer may possibly take up his residence among us. To all who know Paris the name and the photography of Paul Boyer are familiar. Unsatisfied with the laurels gained by many triumphs in the domain of sunlight portraiture, M. Boyer has devised a method whereby he is able to shelve the sun, and, at the same time, shorten the exposure to a very minute fraction of a second; and this, be it known, without producing those abominable caricatures of tonality and contour which have hitherto been associated with photographs taken by artificial light. Thus the "System Paul Boyer" is capable of producing results which are a good deal more admirable in æsthetic quality than the average of prints produced by means of daylight exposures. The sitter walks into a kind of alcove which has diaphanous walls, and M. Boyer chats with



COQUELIN AÎNÉ AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Photo by Paul Boyer.

him until the psychological and physiological moment arrives when the subject looks his very best; then, squeezing a bulb, the lens is uncapped, while simultaneously a brilliant light shines through the translucent walls of the alcove, and in about the eightieth part of a second the exposure is made.

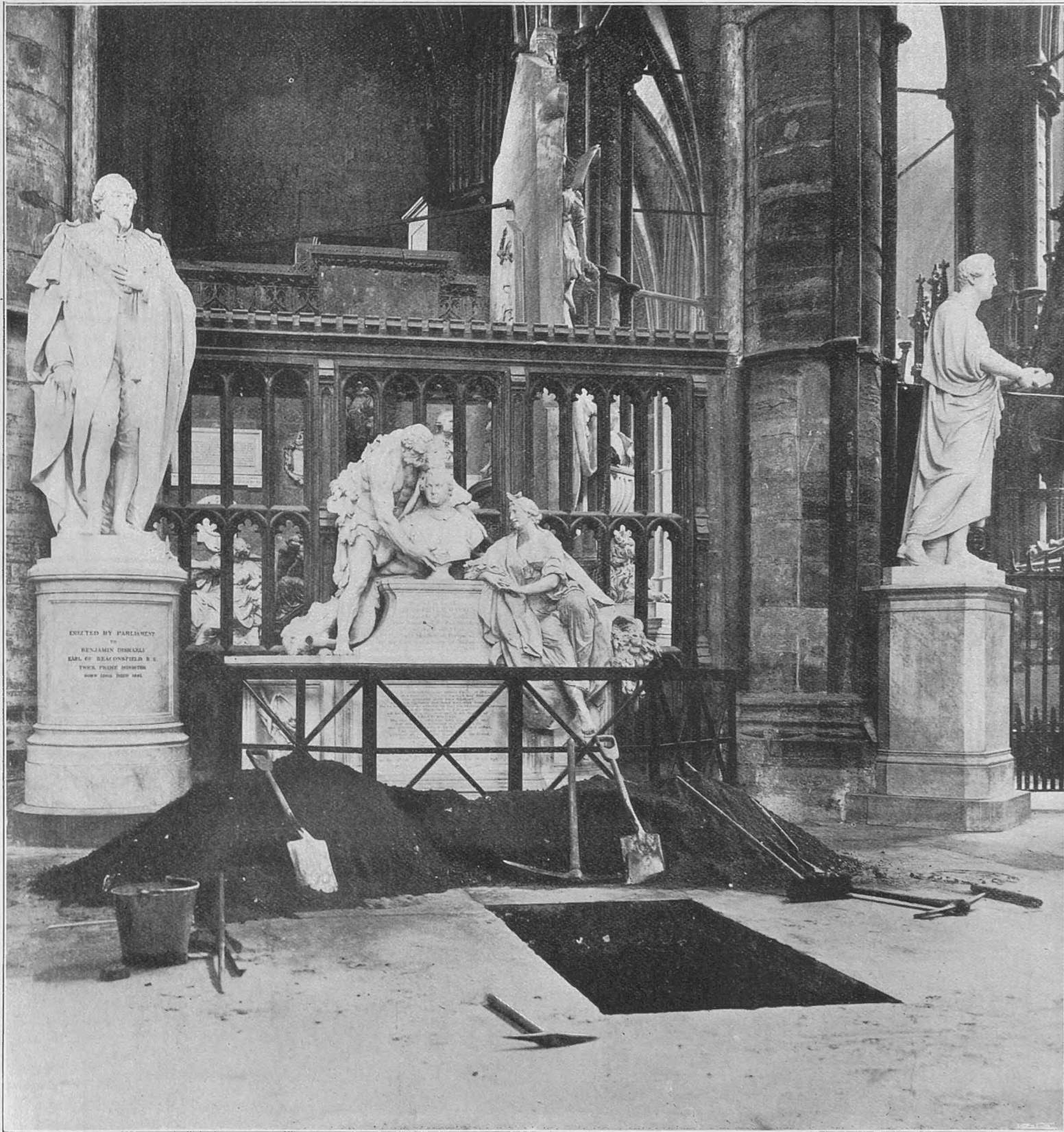
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

The mortal remains of William Ewart Gladstone were laid to rest in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey on Saturday morning. On Wednesday morning the body was removed from the Castle to Hawarden Church, where a Communion Service was held, confined to members and

life to it." The journey to the Westminster which he made greater by his life was accomplished in six hours, Westminster being reached at four minutes past one on Thursday morning, and the coffin was carried into Westminster Hall, where it lay in simple yet splendid state until

BEACONSFIELD.

PEEL.



THE GRAVE OF MR. GLADSTONE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS IT WAS PICTURED ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 24, 1898, FOUR DAYS BEFORE HIS INTERMENT.

For the great statesman whose dust now mingles with that of his early chief, Sir Robert Peel, and his lifelong opponent, Lord Beaconsfield, it will be claimed hereafter that, more even than they, he was a conservative force in our national life, reconciling the Democracy as none else could to the Throne that he revered and to the Church that he loved.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

a few friends of the family. In the course of the day the public were admitted to see the pall, at half-past five a memorial service was held, and soon afterwards the body was borne to Broughton Station and placed in a purple-draped mortuary carriage in a train which was drawn by the engine "Gladstone," draped for the day in black. "Thus the State received back in death the good and faithful servant who had given his

Saturday morning, when it was laid to rest between the statues of Beaconsfield and Peel and in front of the forgotten Sir Peter Warren, M.P. for Westminster, whom Mr. Gladstone would have remembered in that he "traced his Descent from an antient family of Ireland"

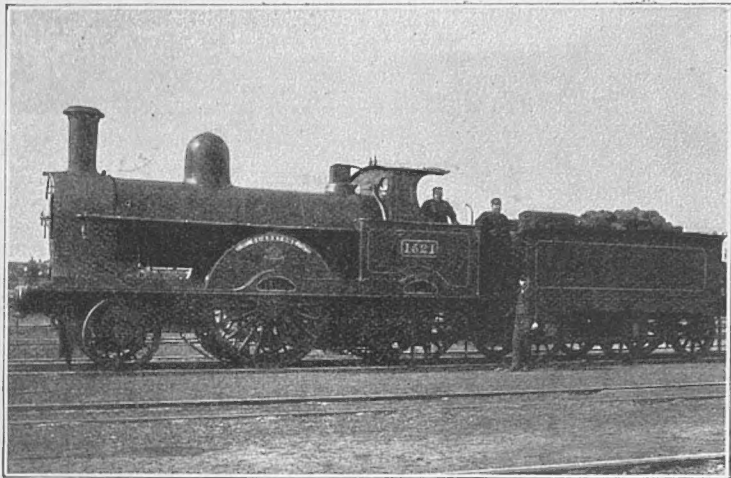
Meantime the literature on the subject continues to pour forth. Mr. David Williamson has written "Mr. Gladstone the Man" for



"HE WAS EVER A FIGHTER"—REST AT LAST.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Mr. James Bowden. It was as a man that Mr. Gladstone was most interesting. Even those who cared little for his politics, less for his theology, and not at all for his books, were passionately attached to the man. A more picturesque personality was never seen in the House of Commons, and there has been none like him since the days of Charles James Fox. The most trifling incident in his life was talked of everywhere that politicians met, from the smoking-room of the House of



THE ENGINE, "GLADSTONE," THAT CONVEYED MR. GLADSTONE'S REMAINS TO LONDON.

Photo by F. Moore, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

Commons to the village public-house. Many of the stories that showed his varied humanity are told by Mr. Williamson in a chatty and kindly manner, and even those who have heard them before will be pleased at this time to read them again. There has also been published in a tiny volume Mr. J. Holt Schooling's article which was originally published in the *Strand Magazine* on Mr. Gladstone's handwriting.

WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It has been decided that in her death Mrs. Gladstone shall not be divided from her husband. No precedent will here be created, for of the three thousand people who have been buried within the Abbey and its cloisters about one hundred have been women. Neither will Mrs. Gladstone be the first of the Glynne family to find a last sanctuary in that "church of tombs," for Mrs. Helen Glynne, grand-niece of John Glynne (a famous Cromwellian, whose ashes are in St. Margaret's Church close by), was buried in Monk's vault in the Chapel of Henry VII., 1733. Curiously, too, it was the coffin of a woman that had to be slightly moved to accommodate that of Mr. Gladstone. The widow of Sir Robert Rich, she died on the 13th and was buried on the 20th of October, 1773, aged eighty-one. She was the seventh daughter and co-heiress of Edward Griffith, one of the Clerks of the Board of Green Cloth, by Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Laurence, First Physician to Queen Anne. Her husband, who died some five years before, was fourth Baronet of London, and Field-Marshal. Her sister Anne married William Stanhope, first Earl of Harrington. She died at her house, Cleveland Row, St. James's, Westminster.

In the chapels radiating round the high altar lies many a royal and courtly lady—not to mention more particularly Mary and Elizabeth, Queens of England, and Mary Queen of Scots. Here you find Eleanor of Castile, surnamed The Faithful, who even accompanied her husband upon one of his perilous crusades, tenderly nursing him back to life after a treacherous blow he received from an assassin. The last of the twelve crosses erected to her memory between Lincolnshire and London indicates the King's affection for her, for Charing Cross is a corruption of *chère reine*, as he always called her. Philippa of Hainault, whose affection for Edward III. dated from the time when they were each only about fifteen, was, like Eleanor, always ready for a campaign. She it was who, at the Siege of Calais, begged for the lives of the chief citizens. Her dying request was, "We have, my husband, enjoyed our long union in happiness, peace, and prosperity. When it shall please God to call you hence, you will choose no other sepulchre than mine, and you will rest by my side in Westminster Abbey." Her statue of alabaster is quite in keeping with the stories of her beauty—indeed, when the Black Prince was a boy in arms, she was a frequent model for the Virgin and Child. The monument in the Confessor's Chapel to Anne of Bohemia, patron of the Wicliffites, fittingly represents her lying at the side of her husband, Richard II., with her hand clasped in his.

Perhaps the most notable example the Abbey affords of the happy marriage of two persons and two causes was that of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, thus concluding the Civil Wars by joining the Red and White Roses. It was at their coronation that the anthem was sung which, both in words and music, would seem to be the direct lineal ancestor to our national anthem—

God save King Henrye wheresoe'er he bee,
And for Queene Elizabeth now pray wee
And for all her noble progenye, &c

She is said to have been the last Queen who used as residence the Tower of London, where her child was born a week before her death. From thence she was brought to the Abbey, and, six years later, we find husband and wife together again beneath the tomb in the beautiful chapel which the King erected, and which serves as her monument as well as his own. Here also lies his mother, Margaret Beaufort, whose effigy fitly portrays the refinement and noble character of this venerable old lady, patron of Caxton and printing, to whose worth it is no slight testimony to say that she was devotedly loved by the Queen, her daughter-in-law.

In sad contrast to the marriages of these Queens is that of Anne of Cleves, the consort of Henry VIII. Owing possibly to her friendship with Queen Mary, her remains were brought to the Abbey, where they lie to the right of the high altar, at the feet of King Sebert, under a bench-like tomb. In allusion to this, Fuller says, "Not one of Henry's wives, excepting Anne of Cleves, had a monument, and hers was but half a one." As it happens, however, Catherine Parr has since had a beautiful recumbent effigy of herself placed over her body in the chapel of Sudeley Castle, the Lord of which became her second husband.

Caroline of Anspach, though she preceded her husband, George II., by twenty years, was at length reunited with him, for their ashes actually intermingle in one sarcophagus in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Besides having a place among the Immortals in the Abbey, she is immortalised elsewhere in fiction, for she was the sympathetic recipient of Jeanie Deans' sad tale in "The Heart of Midlothian." And it was for her funeral that Handel composed the anthem "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her."

Here, too, are buried the Countess of Lennox, niece of Henry VIII., after a life of straitened means; and Augusta, mother of George III.; and Queen Anne, with her eighteen children; and the infants of James I. (one of them under a tomb representing a tiny cradle) and of James II. and of Charles II.; also the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, whose close succession to the throne subjecting her to a constant system of espionage, her secret marriage to Sir William Seymour (twelve years her junior), its discovery, their separate imprisonment, his escape to France, and her languishing in the Tower till her mind became unhinged, and her burial by night in the Abbey—all this surely constitutes her one of the most pathetic romances that royalty affords.

Among the women in such vaults as those of the Cecils and the Percys, the first place must be given to Mildred, the wife, and Anne, the daughter of Lord Burleigh, favourite Minister to Queen Elizabeth and the direct ancestor of the present Prime Minister. Near at hand is the old Duchess of Newcastle, who, though her contemporaries regarded her as something of a blue-stocking, deserves well of posterity for having floated the "Percy Reliques" into the world. Addison makes the inscription on the monument to her and her husband—"A noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous"—the text for a paper in the *Spectator* on the chief characteristics of men and women.

Yet the Abbey has also offered a resting-place to such simple maidens as Elizabeth Russell, Maid-of-Honour to Queen Bess, and known as the "child of Westminster," for she was born in the Deanery, christened in the Abbey, and spent the twenty years of her life practically under its shadow. Her monument is curious, for she is sitting in an osier chair pointing to the skull on which her right foot rests. Cromwell's favourite daughter, Elizabeth, was buried in the Abbey, also Grace Gethin, a very pious young lady with a great preference for sermons!

But the monument which always leaves the greatest impression upon the casual visitor is that in St. Andrew's Chapel to Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, sister of the Countess of Huntingdon (the friend of Wesley and Whitefield, where Death is represented emerging from a tomb, while the husband is trying to ward off his gruesome dart from the young wife reclining in his arms.

Why Dame Mary Steele—"my dearest Prue," as her husband, Richard Steele, always called her—came to be buried in the Abbey, and among the poets too, it is difficult to fathom, especially as her husband was not laid by her side when, eleven years later, in 1729, he also died. Not far off lies old Mrs. Garrick, who was not placed, wrapped in her wedding sheets, beside her husband, David Garrick, till 1822; that is, forty-three years after her husband's death, when she was "a little, bowed-down old woman who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." The play "David Garrick" is founded upon the romance of this devoted couple, for they fell madly in love with each other when she was Eva Maria Violette, dancing under the patronage of the Countess of Burlington. The legend goes that, in deference to the wish of the Countess that he should let the young lady go heart-free again, he assumed drunkenness to shock her feelings. These two are not the only actors and actresses buried in our Abbey.

Among the noblest of the illustrious women buried in the Abbey was Lady Augusta Stanley, who died in 1876. Descended from Robert Bruce, and the daughter by his second wife of Lord Elgin, of Elgin marbles fame, Lady Augusta was a great friend of the Queen, whose maid-of-honour she had been. For twelve years she was as an angel of light, not only in the Deanery to Dr. Stanley and visitors from all parts of the world, but also to the poor of Westminster. It was by the specially expressed wish of the Queen that she was laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, whither her body was conducted by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Carlyle, Robert Browning, the Duke of Argyll, and several Nonconformist Divines, while the Queen herself, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, looked on from the "Abbot's Pew."

C. M. H. M.

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SMALL TALK.

My plea for the celebration of St. George's Day has found many supporters. A lady from Eastbourne, writing to me in enthusiastic support of the proposal, thinks that, in view of the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of roses, artificial ones might do. "They could be of different qualities and prices, from one penny upwards. The manufacture of the flowers would also benefit the poor girls who make the commoner sort of cheap flowers. Another idea is to have a pin or brooch to wear as a badge, with the red cross on a white shield. These could also be made to sell from a penny upwards by the men who sell the penny articles in the streets."

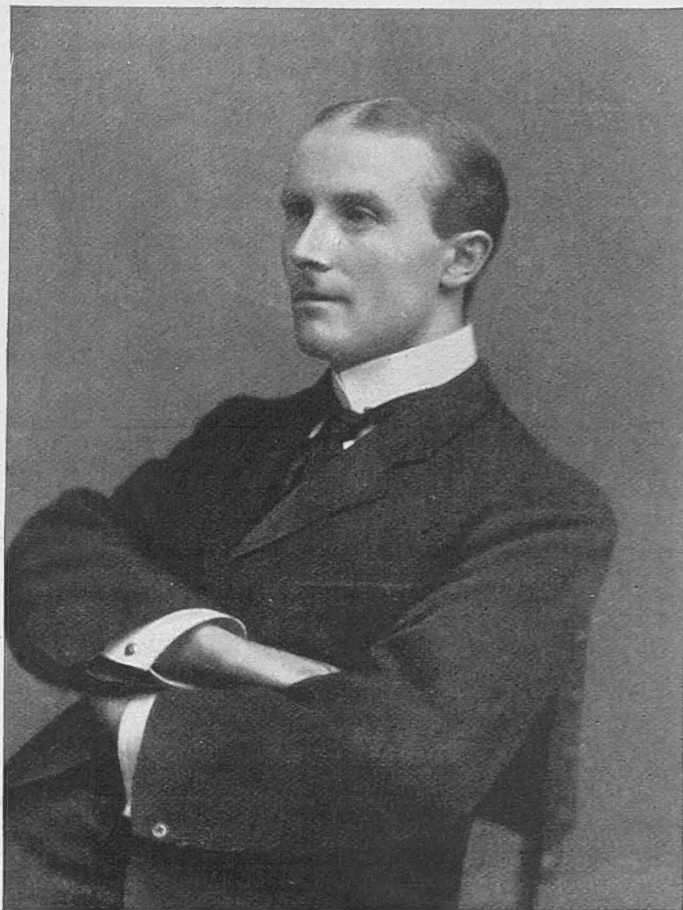
The Queen's Birthday—and may she still have many!—was honoured by Southend-on-Sea last week in an unforgettable way, for a handsome statue of her Majesty, presented by Mr. Alderman Tolhurst, Deputy Mayor of the borough, was unveiled by Lady Rayleigh, as the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The statue, which was carved by Mr. J. M. Swynnerton out of a block of Carrara marble nineteen tons in weight, stands on a Gothic pedestal and throne designed by Mr. Goldie.

The Home Secretary has declined to take any action against the palmists whose advertisements of the occult greet us on the romantic shoulders of the sandwich-man. Sir Matthew Ridley says palmistry is not illegal as long as it is not practised with intent to "impose." A pretty palmist tells your fortune, and takes your fee, and the Home Secretary beams on the transaction because he does not for a moment suppose you are taken in. In short, palmistry at the West-End is a pastime, and, if people like to pay for the amusement, the



STATUE OF THE QUEEN PRESENTED TO SOUTHEND-ON-SEA BY
MR. ALDERMAN TOLHURST.
Photo by Dixon, Southend-on-Sea.

law will not prevent them. But the fortune-teller who takes the housemaid's half-crown and predicts a speedy marriage with a prosperous licensed victualler is on another footing altogether. Sir Matthew Ridley sees in the housemaid a trusting creature who is the victim of fraud. Palmistry is no pastime for the servants' hall; there



MR. ARTHUR HUTCHINSON, WHO HAS BECOME EDITOR OF THE
"WINDSOR MAGAZINE."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

it is taken so seriously that, when the licensed victualler neglects to fulfil his destiny, the distracted housemaid, finding that the lines in her hand are not marriage lines, may take to drink. This, no doubt, is what weighs upon the Home Secretary's mind, and I hope he will appreciate the service I have rendered him by showing how, in the matter of palmistry, there must be one law for the pleasure-loving rich and another for the serious-minded poor.

Mr. Duncombe is a member of Parliament who wants to exclude the journalists from that circle of the Inferno which is known as the Members' Lobby. Here the unfortunate pressman does his duty by listening to the egotistical confidences of politicians who yearn to see themselves in paragraphs. A young actress is not so vain of her first "notices" as the M.P. of the paragraph which intimates that he is engaged in checkmating an unscrupulous Government, or forcing a public boon upon an unwilling department. The journalist has to stand for hours on a tessellated pavement in an intolerable atmosphere. He is not allowed to sit down, for such luxury would undermine the Constitution. The suggestion that he should have the use of a private room for his conferences with members has been scouted by the authorities. And now Mr. Duncombe proposes that the journalist should be banished from the inner lobby. I presume that some paragraph has not sufficiently gratified that legislator's sense of dignity.

I am delighted to congratulate my friend, Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, on his appointment to the editorship of the *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Hutchinson has for some three years past occupied a post on the editorial staff of the *Illustrated London News*. He is the second son of the late Rev. Charles Ring Hutchinson, of Edlesborough, Bucks, and is a graduate of Oxford, where his father was in his day a well-known Brasenose man. He himself was a classical exhibitor of Worcester College. In his undergraduate days he was President of the Junior Common Room, Secretary of the literary club named after the poet Lovelace, a member of the Oxford Union Society and of the O.U.D.S., and he still keeps in touch with Oxford life. I know no man of his age so full of out-of-the-way literary knowledge. He is an enthusiastic bibliophile, with an immense trend in the direction of the Elizabethan dramatists and of eighteenth-century novelists. All this is not in the least likely to spoil him for his duties as editor of the *Windsor*, for he has a keen eye for the tastes of the enormous public for which he will have to cater in editing that popular monthly. Mr. Hutchinson is a man of many friends, and few can regard him with more kindness than do the staff of the journal with which he has but recently severed his connection.

The interest of different countries in the East is rather curiously illustrated by these pictures of the French and British Municipal Council Houses in Hankow. The French building, which is situated on the old



THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL COUNCIL HOUSE AT HANKOW.

Photo by Charles J. Payn.

Hankow Racecourse, is quite a permanent structure, and is actually in use. The British one is at the end of the British Bund.

A sad tiger tragedy is reported from Umaria, in the Central Provinces. Mr. Brock, manager of a colliery in the district, having received an invitation from neighbouring villagers to slay a tigress which had established a scare, went after the beast on foot and wounded her with his first shot, but not severely, as the event proved. She went away and found a hiding-place in long grass, whither Mr. Brock and his native shikari followed her: they seem to have forgotten that it is above all things rash to follow a wounded tiger into such cover; but they went in, and caught sight of the beast lying under some bushes. Mr. Brock, thinking she was incapacitated, again rashly, threw a stone at her instead of giving her another bullet at once, when the tigress instantly sprang and severely mauled the arm Mr. Brock raised to protect himself, and, of course, threw him down; the shikari had already fired the spare rifle, and now, with splendid pluck, ran in and speared the tigress, who slunk away. Mr. Brock, however, was so terribly mauled that he died two days after. A pathetic feature of the business is that Mrs. Brock, only a week or two before, had wrung from him a promise never to go after a tiger again, and had received his word that his next and third should be his last.

A correspondent, referring to an article on "The Surgeon at the 'Zoo,'" which appeared in *The Sketch* last March, draws my attention to operations on snakes at Bombay, recorded in a recent issue of the *Field*. Snakes in captivity, it seems, sometimes find difficulty in getting rid of the skin which is shed every year, and an Australian Diamond Snake in the Bombay Museum appeared likely to succumb. It was quite blind, and refused all food. A European sympathiser, therefore, pressed the native keeper into service to hold the snake, and himself with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors performed the delicate and risky operation of clipping away the membrane which

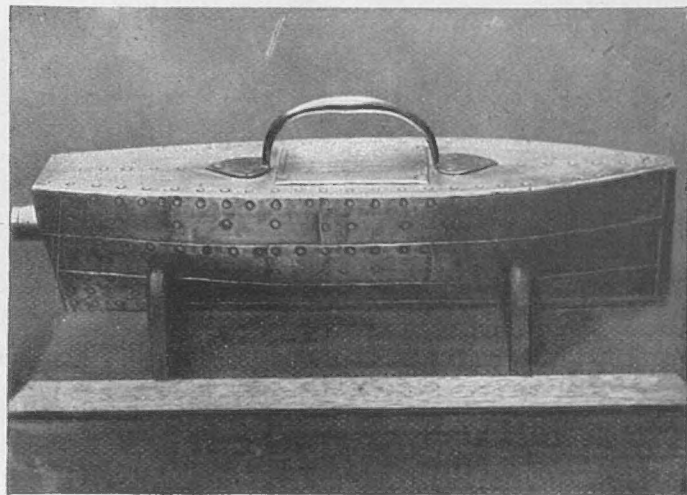
adhered to the eyes. Mr. J. M. Phipson, editor of the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society, performed a far more dangerous operation a couple of years ago. His patient was a large hamadryad, or King Cobra, the most vicious and poisonous of all Indian snakes, and a most powerful creature to boot. Mr. Phipson gripped the King Cobra round the neck, and a native literally held on for his life further down; and, when the reptile's struggles were over, a third man, armed with a surgeon's scalpel, removed eight layers of membrane from each eye.

Elsewhere in this issue I give pictures of the children who appeared in the Lucina Bazaar at Dublin the other day. The dresses were very pretty. I understand that the living pictures were designed by Fräulein E. von Woellwarth. And let me here correct a mistake I fell into in another issue when I spoke of Lord Cadogan having given a children's ball. It was the Lord Mayor of Dublin who gave it.

Should you be walking on the beach, like Mr. Calverley's tutor, and pick up a tiny boat bearing the legend—

Whoever finds this boat, look in the stern tube for an abstract log, which please forward to Lloyd's underwriters, London,

you will know that one of Captain Bowden's patent sea-messengers has fulfilled its mission. The messenger is like the model of a vessel, or boat (length 2 ft. 2 in., breadth 6½ in., depth 6½ in.). From the stern, which is square, a chamber is bored forwards longitudinally, and in it is inserted a metallic tube, to hold a small wooden rod, round which the ship's log or any other information written upon paper or the like may be rolled. The sea-messenger is made of solid wood (pine), and is entirely covered externally with Muntz's yellow metal, to protect it when afloat and also to render it conspicuous. Upon the deck the inscription I have quoted is engraved on a metallic plate. The boat is suitably



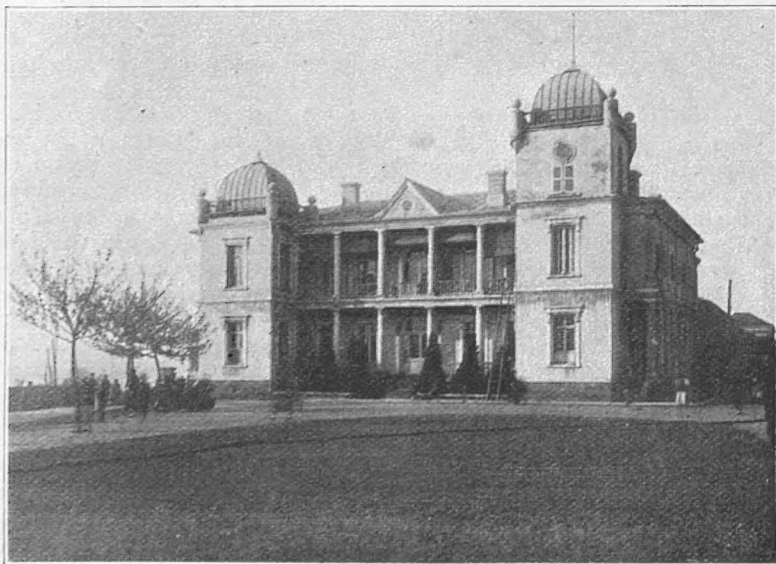
AN IMPROVED SEA-MESSENGER.

Invented by Captain M. H. Bowden.

ballasted to prevent its capsizing and to keep the deck-plate in view at all times while floating. The inventor wants to make it imperative by law for all shipmasters to keep an abstract log fully written up day by day (noon preferred) and kept inserted in the messenger in readiness for an emergency. By this means the oftentimes cruel silence and dreaded suspense to those on shore may be averted.

A new Pompeii was discovered some time ago at Pyrene, in Greece, and the work of excavation, which was abandoned for a time on account of lack of funds, or some such reason, has been taken up again with renewed vigour. The whole plan of the little town, which has been preserved almost as marvellously as Pompeii, is being laid bare. Up to the present time no Greek town has been so well excavated, it is said. All the streets are intact, with their rows of houses on each side. A Temple of Minerva has been discovered, founded, legend says, by Alexander the Great, and there are great hopes that soon the theatre will be unearthed. In Switzerland, too, archaeologists have been at work. At Geneva, workmen engaged on repairing the Tour de l'Île came across a bronze sword in excellent preservation. From the description the weapon seems to date from the latter part of the Bronze Period. It has now been deposited in the local archaeological museum.

Some European countries have huge standing armies even in time of peace. Russia heads the list with 858,000 men, or nine per thousand of her population. Next comes Germany with 580,000, which is thirteen per thousand, while France has 512,000, or fourteen per thousand. The Austrian army is 380,000, or ten per thousand; Italy 300,000, also ten in the thousand; England 230,000, six per thousand, Spain 100,000, equally six per thousand. Belgium's army comprises 31,000 men, or eight in the thousand, and little Switzerland musters actually 131,000, or forty-five per thousand. France and Russia united can muster in time of peace between them 1,400,000 men, in time of war 9,700,000. The Triple Alliance in time of peace can bring together 1,192,000, or 7,700,000 in war time. The huge European armaments called armies on a peace footing cost £220,000,000 a-year to keep up.



THE BRITISH MUNICIPAL COUNCIL HOUSE AT HANKOW.

Photo by Charles J. Payn.

• The sensibilities of the Home Secretary prevented him from admitting these six victims of lead-poisoning with the rest of the deputation from the Potteries who saw him the other day at the Home Office. The boy, the two girls, and the woman in the group are blind, and the two men are suffering from lead-paralysis. The fatal lead glaze used for coating pottery-ware did the mischief. This glaze is a most murderous agency.



BROKEN ON THE (POTTER'S) WHEEL.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Within the last few months it has caused four deaths, and the cases of total or partial blindness that have come to light number nearly a dozen. It is well known that glazes can be prepared so as to be harmless, and a letter from a manufacturer was read by a member of the deputation in which the opinion was expressed that, if lead-poisoning was brought under the Workmen's Compensation Act, the whole of the pottery trade would be put on a safe footing within three months. But the Home Secretary does not see his way to going to the root of the mischief; and, though the great majority of pottery operatives are women and children, he refuses to appoint a woman as factory inspector for the district.

The late Mr. Freeman's teaching of "the continuity of history" is exemplified by the fact of the descendant of Good Queen Bess's Cecil taunting the heirs of the Armada sailors with being "a weaker nation." But none but the great can fall, and the Spaniards have excelled as warriors and as navigators, and may do so again. Had it not been for the union of Castilla and Leon, under Ferdinand and Isabella, the American continent and the West Indies might never have been conquered by Europeans, for at that period Hungary, Venice, and all South-Eastern Europe were in death-grapple with the other "weak nation" of our Albert Hall orator. France had no navy, Portugal was occupied with the Indies proper, and our "Lord Harry" was not yet built. By an irony of fate, the statue of Columbus at Barcelona has been assailed by wrathful Spaniards, for was he not a Genoese? Still, he was allowed to blazon upon his escutcheon the proud scroll—

Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo mundo ganó Colon.

It was owing to Columbus and the rest that Philip II. was able to place in the centre of his own device that "Mappa mundi" with Florida, the Antilles, and Central and South America fully displayed. It would be strange if both Cuba and the Philippines were to pass at one stroke from the domain of Spain.

Madrid is a very disappointing city in appearance. The palaces of the grandees are dreadfully dilapidated. The French knocked them about so when they invaded Spain that it is almost impossible to get an idea of what they were like in their palmier days. There are a few magnificent buildings, but these are the exception. The nobles are poor, and can no longer hold a candle to the once unrivalled Spanish grandees. The upper classes do not go in very largely for education, and are often curiously ignorant. They look upon Madrid as the centre of the universe, and very seldom leave their native land. The city abounds in slums, which can beat even those of Whitechapel. There are labyrinths of narrow old streets, bordered by the most uninviting hovels. Here one sees wild-looking individuals in the merest rags, and beggar Gipsies in gaudy tattered finery. These slums are the happy hunting-ground of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of Madrid.

Of all the surface of the earth it seems that the Philippines promise the most in the way of something new. It is said that, owing to the periodical

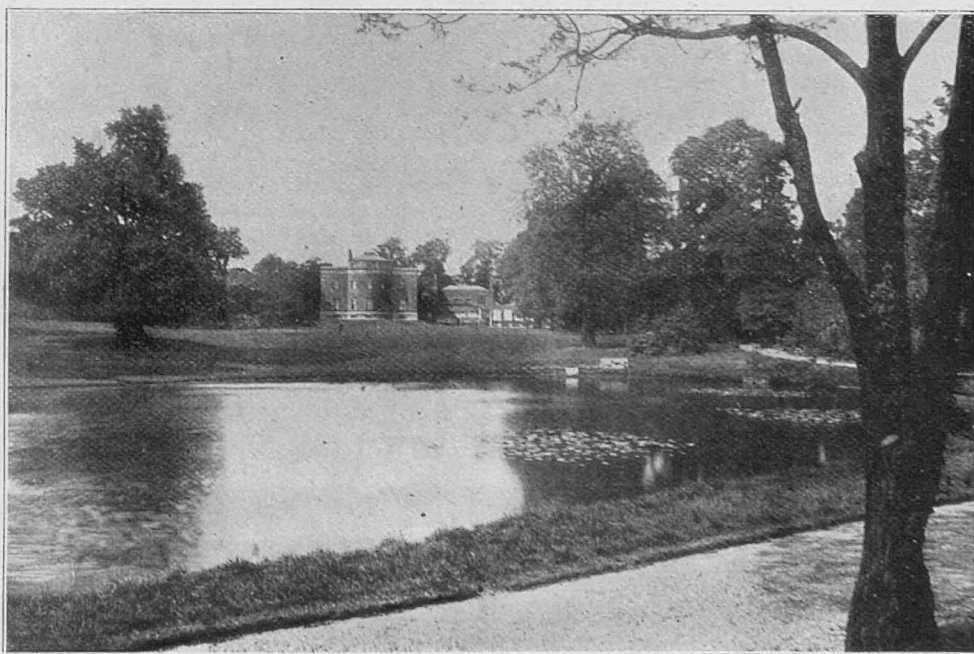
quarrels between the Spaniards and the natives, the Archipelago has been but little explored. Not long ago an eagle, three times the size of any yet discovered, was found there; and now a German savant has come across a gigantic flower of which the smallest buds are as big as the head of a child. It has five petals, a stalk two inches thick, and is over three feet high. The flower "plucked" by the discoverer weighed 25 lb.

What some people abroad might consider to be an apropos quotation has been unearthed by a French publicist out of the late Count Beust's treatise on "The Last of the Napoleons." In this book, published in 1872, the Austro-Hungarian statesman wrote: "All Europe will suddenly see the American Eagle, after depriving Spain of the Queen of the Antilles, proceed to take part in Continental affairs, and press with a weight not to be ignored upon the destinies of the monarchies of little old Europe." These sentences were certainly not without prescience.

Apropos of the new opera at the Savoy, an actor writes me that Mr. Pinero is a past-master in the art of stage-management. He brings his play to the theatre printed, with every stage direction clearly and precisely indicated, and at the production of the piece that book is practically free from any emendations. He knows exactly what he wants and how he wants it done *before* he comes to rehearsal. If any difficulty presents itself to the actor, he is ready immediately with a practical illustration, for he is an exceedingly good actor. He is patience personified. Nothing escapes his notice, even to the most minute detail. "The other hand for that glass, please," he once said to a well-known actor, who was somewhat astonished at the correction, possibly thinking that he was simply gratifying an absurd whim. A little later it became clear that the scene could not have been played without this apparently trivial direction. There is no arguing the matter out with Mr. Pinero, and, though he will often courteously listen to a suggestion, you will almost invariably find that he has thought the idea out long ago, and will at once give you the reason why it was discarded.

There are now few of the old manor-houses in the outer zone of the Metropolis which was once country, is now suburbs, and will soon be town. The picturesque old mansions, with their fine old trees, grounds, and gardens, have fallen easy victims to the builder, but here and there these ideal open spaces have been saved. Lauderdale House and Waterlow Park were the gifts of Sir Sydney Waterlow; there is an old manor-house in Dulwich Park, one in Clissold Park, and some may yet be found in private occupation. If they are now few, that only increases their interest and value. The destiny of one of these old-fashioned manor-houses within the legal limits of London is just now hanging in the balance—the manor-house of Lee. Lee lies in the south-east corner of London, beyond Blackheath, where there is most vacant land, and where the land is consequently not so valuable as where the pressure is greater. The manor-house, which stands in the middle of ten acres of grounds, with a lake of half an acre, has been occupied by Mr. Woolfram, the military tutor, who is now moving his establishment to Kensington.

The house is a solidly built, comfortable mansion, and stands on the site of a mediæval manor-house. The question now is, will this ideal park be preserved for the people or built over? Lee is increasing rapidly in population. Houses are going up by the hundred every year. Land is not scarce at present, but open spaces will soon be hard to get, and will be dear. Here is a charming park all ready, and its acquisition now would anticipate the needs of the next few years. At present there is no public recreation-ground in Lee, which has an area of 1238 acres, except seven acres which Lord Northbrook gave as a Jubilee gift, and Lee is fast becoming a large town. Here, then, is an opportunity which the public authorities should not miss.



THE MANOR-HOUSE AT LEE.

The best wire-haired dog at the recent exhibition of the London Fox-Terrier Club proved to be an old favourite, Tipton Slasher, who was also first in the open class for wire-haired dogs. This doughty champion of a breed always associated with the late Rev. Jack Russell (known through all the West Country as "Passon Jack") is owned by Mr. A. Mutter, of Wandsworth. He was born in May 1892, and is by Bendigo III. out of Darkie; breeder, Mr. Walpole. He has faced the judges at most of the big shows in every part of the country, and is the winner of an immense number of firsts, specials, and championships. He is looking splendidly fit at the present time, and as if he will go in and win for many years to come.



TIPTON SLASHER.

Lady Sybil Tollemache's two pet dogs are a marked contrast, and a thoroughly catholic dog-lover hardly knows which to admire most. Kettering Wonder is a handsome Land-seer Newfoundland, Joseph is a lovely little black-and-tan King Charles Spaniel. The Newfoundland is now just two years old. He was bred by Mr. H. Dickman, from his grand Champion Merry Boy and Duchess of York. He has also taken several first prizes at important shows. The tiny King Charles is more than two years the senior of his big friend, the date of his birth being December 1893. He is the son of Laureate II. and Beauty; his breeder is Miss M. E. Young. He is a most charming and fascinating little person, and has a brilliant black coat with bright tan markings. Both these happy dogs are "not for sale."

A friend of mine, who is the unfortunate owner of certain sugar plantations in Barbadoes, is in a sad plight. For many years he has been agitating against "bounty-fed beet" and trying to wake the public to a proper sense of his own undoubted wrongs. When the recent discussion took place in the House and the grant to the West Indies was discussed, I bade him rejoice greatly because a paternal Government was about to make good to him the years that the German and other locusts had eaten. Instead of rejoicing as requested, he looked more than usually depressed, and not without cause, for he told me that the Government had forgotten the only islands he was interested in. "What a great big shame!" I said. "Why don't you write to the papers?" "I've done so," he replied, "and all in vain." I silently asked for an explanation—in other words, I raised my eyebrows interrogatively. "You see," he added sadly, "the Government organs won't publish my complaints because they think Government can do no wrong; the Opposition papers won't because they are altogether opposed to the system of bounties; and the *Daily Mail* won't because it has no room; so, you see, I can't possibly get a hearing." "Never despair," I said; "you shall have a *Sketch* paragraph all to yourself," and at those glad tidings he brightened up and wept no more.

The port of Malta is one of the busiest places in Europe. The little island commands the whole of the Mediterranean, and innumerable ships put into port in the course of the year. The following facts will give an idea of the intense life of the place. During the past year 212 ships-of-war entered the harbour, of which 198 were British. The merchant vessels were far more numerous, for there were 2698 steam and 1381 sailing ships. These ships carried on board the enormous amount of 3,637,410 tons of merchandise. Thirty-one yachts touched at the port, of which the larger proportion were English. From all these

different vessels 24,150 passengers landed who were bound for Malta itself. A great many of them were military. One almost wonders where on such a tiny island—for Malta contains only ninety-five square miles—room can be found for them all.

The Englishman in Paris occupies himself, as a rule, with other things than the collection of antiques. Yet an odd half-hour may be spent with much profit and amusement at the various well-known centres to which so many relics of old France find their way from the provinces from week to week. Sometimes the treasure-trove going a-begging would delight the souls of bargain-hunting connoisseurs, while at others the flotsam of good old families, if properly accredited, commands such sums as would open the eyes of ancient craftsmen could their long-gone shades revisit the glimpses of modern auction-rooms. Last week, for instance, a wonderfully carved walnut cabinet, hailing from a château by the banks of the Loire, fetched over ten thousand francs at the Petit Gallery of the Rue de Sèze, while eight old armchairs, in which patched and powdered beauty under Louis XV. had doubtless one time lolled and chattered, reached the respectable sum of fifteen thousand francs, for all their tattered brocade coverings.

A richly carved over-door of the same period mounted quickly to close on five thousand francs, while a lovely writing-table, also of the "Quinze" period, reached the almost unprecedented price of eight thousand five hundred francs. Three panels of exquisite old Aubusson tapestry, which were bought for the same millionaire, changed owners at twenty-one thousand francs. Apropos of Aubusson, by the way, some nuns,

LADY SYBIL TOLLEMACHE'S NEWFOUNDLAND, KETTERING WONDER.
Photo by Holt, Oakham.

recently arrived from France, have settled in the East-End—Broadway, Plaistow, to be accurate. They make a spécialité of imitating old Aubusson tapestries and carpets at quite nominal prices, making this industry the *motif* by which they reclaim and occupy the drifting femininity of that terrible East-End; so that the opportunity of being artistic and philanthropical is now placed before the economical *Hausfrau*. The address of these sisters can be given to anyone applying for it.

The Gauchos, or dwellers in the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvellously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired through long practice such skill in using their toes as if they were fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch on his companions, but, nevertheless, one day, when his attention was closely riveted on his float, a wily Gaucho drew near, and, delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.



"IT PLEASES HIM AND IT DOESN'T HURT ME."



DAVID GIVING GOLIATH BEANS.

I am indebted to Bandsman Smith, of the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch, for this picture of the mantelpiece in the band-room of the regiment, which is stationed at Sitapur, India.



THE PICTORIAL MANTELPIECE OF THE 1ST BATTALION BLACK WATCH.

What next for women? The Middlesex Gun Club held their third annual "Ladies' Day" on May 21, the programme comprising seven events for twenty-three gold and silver prizes specially suitable to the sex. The third competition for the Association's Inter-Club Cup was competed for, and the Captain's ("A") Team secured 51 out of a possible 60. In the Ladies' Competition (twelve entered), shot at three birds each, Miss Carter and Miss Madge Cave succeeded in breaking all their birds in good style, while Mrs. W. F. Cave, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Shaw, and Miss Brown broke one each; the two former at once shot off their tie for the first prize, the opera-glasses, and Miss Madge Cave, of West Hampstead, again broke three in succession, and took first prize; Miss Carter, breaking one only, took second prize—a silver scent-bottle. The four other ladies shot off for third prize, and Mrs. Shaw finally won by one bird.

Everyone in Paris who had an hour and two francs to spare last week crowded into the house of the Viscomtesse de Janzé, in the Rue Marignan, to view her celebrated collection of pictures, the owner of the collection having hit upon this ingenious method of forcing the public to subscribe towards the fund now being raised in the French capital for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the Spanish wounded. As a matter of fact, visitors were admitted only to see the staircase and a suite of three rooms on the first floor. Every square inch of wall-space on the staircase and in the rooms is occupied by pictures, principally portraits of seventeenth and eighteenth century celebrities. From under the staircase, even, heads without number look down upon you in bewildering profusion, heads of soldiers, of statesmen, of kings, and of great ladies of a bygone age, and the rooms, lofty as they are in reality, seem far too small for the treasures they contain. On the staircase is a portrait of Charles I., signed by Vandyck, the physiognomy of the unfortunate monarch being identical with that portrayed in the celebrated equestrian picture by the same painter. One of the few representatives of English art is a tiny landscape by Bonington. During the five afternoons the house was opened the Viscomtesse de Janzé stood in the hall inviting each visitor, as he or she entered, to enter their names in a book for a subscription.

The marriage in Paris early in June of M. Ducros, a French artillery officer, and Mdlle. de Montenegro, daughter of a former President of the Spanish Court of Appeal, is noticeable for the fact that the register will be signed on behalf of the bride by no less exalted a personage than Queen Isabella of Spain, Mdlle. de Montenegro's second witness required by law being the Marquis de Casa Riera. The witnesses for the bridegroom are the Duchess of Valencia and General Borgnis-Desbordes. Until very recently the law of France refused to admit women as witnesses either at marriages or on any of the other numerous occasions on which the Code requires that declarations made before a Mayor or other civil functionary must be attested by witnesses to be valid. One result of this state of things was that there was always a knot of male witnesses round each Mairie. These professionals, there were good grounds for believing, were not always above bearing false witness to oblige a neighbour, if only the "consideration" were made commensurate with the risk. The business of the corporation is likely to be much curtailed now that a Queen has taken advantage of the altered state of the law.

It will be of interest just now to others than Zola's admirers to learn that the distinguished Parisian novelist was for some two years connected in a subordinate capacity with the publishing house of MM. Hachette et Cie. It was in 1862, when twenty-two years of age, that Zola entered the employment of this firm, whence he drew a monthly salary of one hundred francs. His duties, irksome from the necessarily long hours, were performed with conscientious diligence, while his leisure was devoted to writing, which Zola's biographer, in the series "Biographische Volksbücher," declares was a drudgery at this period. Often the night was far advanced before he had produced sufficient "copy," we are informed, to fill a printed page. Encouraged by an improvement of his status as an assistant, Zola entered the room of M. Hachette one day and placed on his desk a copy of "L'Amoureuse Comédie," with the result that he received further advancement. The recognition of his literary powers by M. Jules Hetzel, however, at this juncture led to the publication, by another firm than Hachette's, of his volume "Contes à Ninon," in which appeared the tale "La Sœur des Pauvres," which M. Hachette declined to issue and returned to the novelist, with the observation, "Vous êtes un révolutionnaire." This was in 1864, at the close of which year Zola left the book trade.

The yachting season is once more on us, and I have received, as usual, Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide and Time-Tables, which appears for the eighteenth year. The issue of the *Yachting Monthly Magazine* for May is full of excellent pictures.

Mrs. Mitchell. Mrs. Cave. Miss Carter. Miss Cave. Mrs. Shaw. Miss Crunden. Miss Williams. Miss Gale.



Miss Dawson.

Miss Brown.

WOMEN AS SHOOTERS.

In view of the recent troubles on the Frontier this picture is of interest. The native lad is a typical Pathan in features, and in most other respects possesses all the characteristics of that race. His history since he became attached to the Gordon Highlanders may also be found interesting. When our troops entered Chitral in 1895, the late Colour-Sergeant Pickersgill of the Gordons, who died of wounds received



A GORDON HIGHLANDER AND HIS FAITHFUL PATHAN.

Photo by Quazi, Rawal Pindi.

2nd Division was broken up. He was very much attached to his master (Colour-Sergeant Pickersgill), and, although the Pathan does not get credit for possessing much sentiment, he was almost heart-broken when he heard of his death.

The Gordons leave India at the end of this year, and, of course, "Abdul," as the troops have christened him, will be left behind. However, as the 92nd (the 2nd Battalion) is going out to replace the first, he won't have to look far for friends, as he is really well worth studying. He is, so far as he has gone, perfectly honest, which is a strange feature in a Pathan, who, as a rule, is a born thief. He can now speak three languages, Pushtu (fluently, of course), Hindustani, and English, fairly well. He possesses quite a fund of the quaint proverbs which adorn the Pushtu language, and he would surprise and amuse most people with his droll manner of applying them to every little incident. He takes great interest in the pictures which appear in *The Sketch*, particularly those relating to theatrical matters, and his comments thereon are at all times very amusing.

A woman inventor, who, it is said, devised the fire-proof helmet now worn by firemen in the United States, is now urging the Government to put the soldiers into aluminium armour. This is to consist of a skull-cap, breast-plate, arm-pieces, and thigh-pieces, to be painted the same colour as the uniform. The weight is inconsiderable, and the metal will turn a rifle-bullet except at a very short distance. Aluminium is cheap, and an entire equipment would weigh but 5 lb. Not only is the soldier to be protected with the metal, but it would be used for flag-staffs and tent-poles, which would "make light, strong, and very formidable spears." The idea of the American Tommy clad in armour and charging with a tent-pole is certainly funny, and has a touch of the mediæval about it. It is claimed that the big-drummer, behind his aluminium drum, would be almost impregnable.

Major-General E. A. Wood, C.B., who died at Folkestone the other day, was a dashing cavalry officer who had done good service with that crack Light Cavalry regiment the 10th Hussars, which he commanded throughout the Afghan War of 1878-79, and in the Soudan campaign of 1884, for which he received his C.B. He had held several important appointments, including the command of the troops at Shorncliffe, and but three days before his death a "distinguished service" pension of £100 per annum had been granted him.

The German Government has arrived at the conclusion that a little sport would be a good thing for the officers of the army; for many years past it has encouraged steeplechases—ridden in uniform, in defiance of the eternal fitness of things!—and now it has broken out in a new direction. Mr. Bell Irving, Master of the Dumfriesshire Otter-Hounds, has been asked to aid the Teuton authorities in getting together a pack of otter-hounds, and a pack of foxhounds is also to be established. I shall await accounts of the otter-hunting enterprise with sympathetic interest. One need be active and sound in wind and limb to keep near

otter-hounds in chase on a hot summer morning, though dressed in the lightest and easiest of old clothes; and what I want to know is whether German officers—say, of dragoons—will be expected to follow those otter-hounds in thigh-boots, helmets, and belts. May I be there to see if they try to play the game thus, that is all!

For plain commonsense casuistry commend me to a tiny book called "Military Wrinkles," by "K. V. P.," which Davies and Goddard, of Clerkenwell Road, have issued. This is typical—

Should you enlist under a false name, choose one near the beginning of the alphabet. This will assist you in getting your pay, &c., quicker, as names are taken alphabetically.

I have received the following missive—

To the Editor.

261, Elgin Avenue, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—The Editors of "The Magazine Contributors' Guide" present their compliments, and would be glad to insert particulars of your publication in their first issue now in the press; which venture, we believe, will tend to lessen the labours of Editors generally. Will you therefore kindly fill up the annexed form, and return at your early convenience. Trusting to receive your courteous co-operation, we have the honour to be, yours faithfully,

J. H. CHILCOTE BROOKING; ALICK DENHOLM BRASH.

Here is my answer—

You ask me, my dear Mr. Brooking
(Your queries are echoed by Brash),
The secrets of magazine cooking,
From pictures to poems—and cash.
Though fain would I nibble your offer to scribble
(For sweet is the bait on the pin),
Your points are so plenty (they run up to twenty),
I scarcely know where to begin.

You ask me to tell you my title,
You're eager to know my address—
These questions are surely not vital,
For I'm known to all men (more or less).
And then—Do I glory in what style of story?
And what sort of verse must you scrawl?
Though hard, I must answer to every romancer,
I don't want his stories at all.

Again, quoth the journalist—"crammer"—
Should "copy" be writ by a Yost?
It's nicer to writ it with grammar
(For that doesn't add to the cost).
My next information concerns circulation.
Now, what do you fancy I sell?
Suppose I cotillion to one or two million!
(These figures will do very well).

Then how to despatch it to please me—
Perhaps you should send it by post?
Or rail? (like the worry who sees me,
And says I'm no good as a host).
Good sirs, my suggestions on all of these questions,
Which probe at my will and my won't,
Are quite unexciting. For those who'd try writing,
My counsel (like *Punch's*) is
DON'T!



THE DOMESTICITY OF TOMMY.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

I have been reading a little book called "The Art of Rydinge," written by one Thomas Blundell, in the reign of Queen Mary, or nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. As many of my readers, as yet uncorrupted by the ubiquitous bicycle, are fond of horse-riding, I quote two passages which will interest and perhaps be of use to them—

1. How to correct that Horse that will fall downe to the ground, when he is provoked to doe any thinge which he would not willingly doe: Cause some expert footmeme having a good cogell in their hands to be somewhat nigh you, at such time as you ride your horse, to th' intent that when they perceive the horse maketh any offer to lye downe, they may be redy with their cogell or staff to threaten hym, and to fray hym with a terrible voyce, jesture, countenance, and by cruelly looking hym alwaies in the face, more or less, according as time and occasion shall require. He may also be corrected by the helpe of a footman having in his hand a squyrt full of water, which he must squyrt in the horse's eyes, when he off'reth to lye downe. But the remedy last mentioned is to be us'd by riders of small skill—for an expert rider will correct any vice by true arte, without the helpe of any such toyes. 2. Corrections to be us'd agaynste restifness, when the tired rider lacketh art, and knoweth not by order of Rydinge how to gette the mastyre of his Horse, and to make hym to know hys faulte: Let a footman stand behind you with a shrewd catte teyd at the one end of a long pole with her belye upwarde, so as she maye have her mouth and claws at liberty. And when your horse doth stay, or go backwarde, let him thrust the catte betwixt his thyes so as she may scratch and bite hym, sometime by the thyes, sometime by the rompe. . . . But let the footman and all the standers by threaten the horse with a terrible noyse, and you shall see it will mak hym goe as you would have hym, and in so doing be ready to make much of hym. Also the shrill crye of a hedge hog, being straye teyd by the foote under the horse's tayle, is a remedye of lyke force, which was prov'd by Maister Vincentio Respino, a Napolytan, who corrected by this means an old restif horse of the Kinge's in such sort, as he had much ado afterwarde to keep him from the contrary vice of running awaye.

And no wonder. The author adds that the horse will no doubt be "amaised" at this treatment.

This massive sterling silver loving-cup has been presented to the Honourable Artillery Company, as a permanent memento of fifty years' membership, by Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel William Henry Snell. The cup is of Georgian design, richly chased in repoussé, having on one side the arms of the H.A.C. and names of principal officers:



LOVING-CUP OF THE H.A.C.

"Captain-General and Colonel, Field-Marshal H.R.H. Albert Edward Prince of Wales, K.G., &c.; President, The Right Hon. the Lord Colville of Culross, K.T., &c.; Lieut.-Colonel Commanding, The Right Hon. the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, late R.H.A." The reverse bears the following inscription: "Capiant Qui Capere Possint." This loving-cup, to be annually shot for with rifles, is given by Major and Hon. Lieut.-Colonel William Henry Snell, to commemorate fifty years of membership, 16th May, 1848-1898. 'Gesta non Verba.' The designing and modelling of the trophy was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

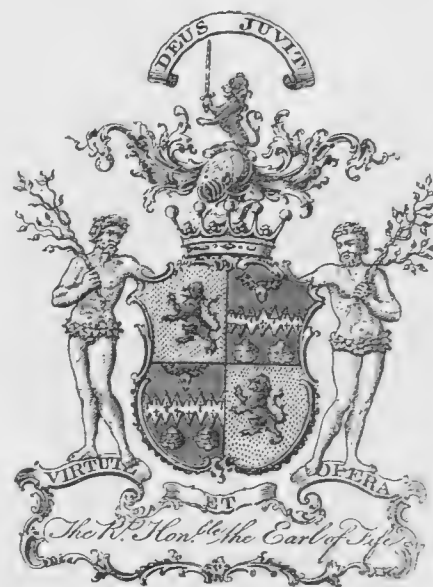
Mr. Charles Harriss, the impresario who so successfully conducted Madame Albani and her associates through Canada last year, and who has since married Mrs. Schoenberger, one of the most charming as well as one of the wealthiest women in the United States, has not, as reported, abandoned his calling of entrepreneur, for he has just arranged to take Dan Godfrey's band on tour through America. Certainly, a more fitting time for introducing into the United States an English military band could not have been chosen. In the face of the Anglo-American alliance it will attract enormous audiences.

My compliments to Mr. Leonard Merrick. He has written a novel about the stage, called "The Actor-Manager," which is refreshing because it shows a real insight into theatrical life, so often travestied by novelists. Mr. Merrick's actor-manager is devoted to the highest ideals of art. He takes a theatre, financed by a friend, and produces plays which are too good for the public. Against his judgment he is persuaded to put on an adaptation of a risky French piece, and this is such a success that it almost breaks his heart, and he resolves to retire from management. Here, it may be said, Mr. Merrick does not draw from life, but, if he has idealised his actor-manager, he has made Roger Oliphant a very interesting personality. But the chief success of this excellently written novel is the character of Blanche Ellerton, the leading lady, a type of actress Mr. Merrick has studied in the most realistic spirit.

Blanche's ambition is to be eternally figuring in paragraphs. When her baby dies, her first thought is to send a pathetic announcement to a theatrical journal. I feel that in these very lines I am ministering to her destiny. Of course, all actresses are not like Blanche Ellerton. I remember hearing one remark that there were far too many newspapers. She at least had no desire to be paraphrased in all of them.

Advertisement by affidavit does credit to the shrewdness of a certain lady who writes popular novels. Some jester attributed to her the design of writing a novel with a profane title, and she hastens to announce in the diction of a solicitor in the Agony Column of the *Times* that, when her health permits her to produce another novel, it will be devoted, like its predecessor, to the service of the Christian religion. It has been said that this advertisement shows a lack of humour, but the lady of the affidavit knows her public. Thousands of readers accept her as a pillar of Christianity, and when you are that you are in no need of anything so worldly and pagan as a sense of the ludicrous.

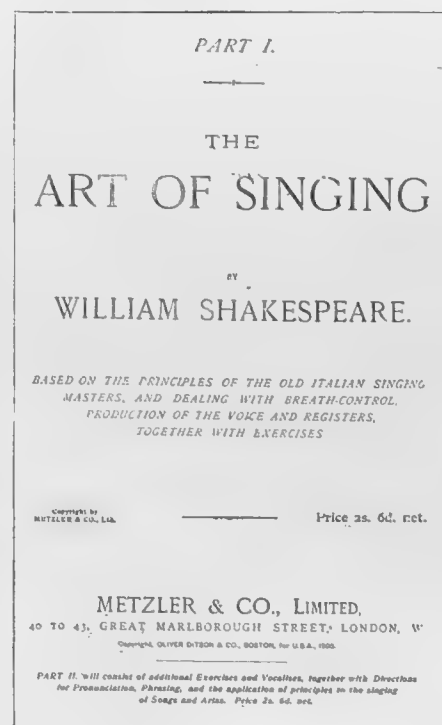
Do you know that one of the Duke of Fife's kinsmen—namely, the fourth Earl—was a General in the Spanish Army? The reason of his volunteering for Spain is given in an article in this month's issue of the *English Illustrated Magazine*—"The Lucky Duffs"—which describes the marvellous transformation from Duffs into Dukes. Of course, the Duffs were not Earls of Fife until a few years ago. They were only Earls Fife, although their book-plate (I reproduce an old one here) would lead you to believe they were.



THE FIFES' BOOK-PLATE.

The legendary Peter Piper, who picked a peck of pickled pepper, must look to his laurels, which are threatened by no less a personage than that other all-conquering Piper whom you may now see and hear any afternoon or evening at the Military Tournament. To explain this parable. One night last week I happened to visit the Agricultural Hall, and, during a lull in the roar of mimic war, arose the still small voice of a programme-boy advertising a "Souvenir of the Pageant with a picture of Piper Findlater." Once or twice he got through it safely, but at length that teasing collocation of syllables, "piet" (otherwise picked) and "Piper," did its duty and came "trippingly on the tongue," in another sense than Hamlet's. "With-a-picture-of-Piper-Findlater!" squealed the boy. "With-a-pi-cture-of-Pi-fer-Pindl—, With a picture of Fifer Pindlature, With a pip—" And then, amid the laughter of his auditors, he had to pause for a little to reconstruct his business cry on smoother lines.

The present William Shakespeare, like his namesake, is a singer. His book "The Art of Singing," just published, is an exhaustive yet simple treatise on his art. Born at Croydon in 1849, he became a choir-boy at the age of eight, and began to study the organ, and five years later was appointed assistant organist at his church. He was then a pupil of Molique, but later on entered the Royal Academy of Music, where he remained for nine years, winning the King's Scholarship in 1866, and in 1871 the Mendelssohn Scholarship, which he spent on two years' study in Leipsic. So far, composition and the piano had been his studies, but when he was twenty-four his voice called for attention, and he was sent to Lamperti, with whom he worked for two years. Then he returned to England in 1875, and sang both in London and the provinces, and in 1878 was elected a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, though all his vacations were spent in Italy for further study



THIS WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IS WITH US.

with his maestro; and even in these early years he was preparing notes for his present book, by which it is his earnest hope to rouse interest in and discussion on "The Art of Singing" as taught by the Italians long ago.

Paris is at white heat over the statue of Balzac, made by Rodin, to the order of the Society of Men of Letters, exposed to-day in the Salon. The critics are divided as to whether the artist has made a work of art so great that it is beyond ordinary comprehension, or whether he has materialised a nightmare by mistake. The opinion of lay authorities is peremptory, in that the society that ordered the work has rejected it, and that the city government, that was to have ceded for it the very centre of Paris, the Place Palais Royal, has come to the artist's aid with an offer to buy—not the Balzac—but a quite different work. As to the public, the matter seems to it a huge joke.

Evidently this *fin-de-siècle* statue is not commonplace. To the irreverent public it appears to be a mummy-box, with the face uncovered, set up on end and tipped backwards some twenty degrees out of equilibrium, as if seeking the support of a wall. The domed front of the box is more swollen than usual, as though the operator had stuffed an extra winding-sheet underneath in a hurry. There is nothing in this shape to astonish the frequenter of museums, except that it lacks the accustomed paint. The shock comes when one looks at the head. It is not a mummied but a modern head, and it has the look of having been several days under ground, while the hair seems to have flourished luxuriantly in the same sojourn. Evidently a disinterment for an autopsy, says the public.

The burning question is to know whether the emotion caused by this figure is merely that which comes from sight of the unusual, or whether its source is æsthetic. It is this that occupies the critics. It is for this that the elections have shrivelled in importance, that the second Zola process, just begun, is passing unperceived, that the literature on the subject has grown in two weeks to the bulky pamphlet stage. Meanwhile, the artist, whose good faith no one doubts, has this for his consolation—that what the Society of Men of Letters rejected has become the principal key of the Salon.

There is no limit to the number of new journals. Within the last few days we have seen well-nigh half-a-dozen; there has been a new ladies' paper, issued by the *Lady's Pictorial*, entitled the *Ladies' Home*, there is Mr. Furniss's *Fair Game*, there is Lord Rosslyn's *Scottish*

are Japanese, and, so far as I know, this is the first paper to be published in English in America by natives of Japan. It is reminiscent of the *Lark*, but lacks the humour of that short-lived and amusing publication. "The Purple Cow," you may remember, was born in the columns of the *Lark*, and was written and illustrated by Mr. Burgess, who, together with Mr. Oliver Herford, is responsible for the *Enfant Terrible*, a periodical which has but just made its first and, apparently, its last appearance.

It would be difficult to enumerate the number of graduates of Edinburgh University, scattered over the entire surface of the globe, who will learn with something akin to sorrow of the contemplated resignation of Mr. John Chapman, the Bedellus of the ancient College on South Bridge Street. At all University functions for the past thirty years Mr. Chapman has been a conspicuous figure; by virtue of his office, it was his work to marshal and precede the processions of the officers of the University, and his towering height, erect and soldierly figure, rendered him conspicuous on these occasions. In the memory of many generations of students of the University of Edinburgh the Bedellus is indelibly associated with their old-time pranks. To Mr. Chapman, now nearing eighty, the years are becoming burdensome, and in July he will relinquish the post he has so long and honourably held.

A correspondent writes—

As a constant reader of *Sketch*, I beg to call your attention to remarks you make *re* chemists' exam. in this week's issue. The exam. you quote was just over ten years ago. As regards the exam. taking five to six hours, it takes two days—one day practical work and one day theoretical. I think this is worthy of a correction.

In October next Count Leo Tolstoi will attain his seventieth birthday, and his friends and admirers in Russia and elsewhere are preparing to celebrate the anniversary. Tolstoi's enemies, on the other hand, are far from feeling more friendly towards him, and he has received a number of threatening letters. This has alarmed his family a good deal, and they have warned the police, who have arranged to watch over the safety of the distinguished novelist.

One of our most humorous County Court judges has just been lecturing a solicitor on the shocking illegibility of his writing, and of the great necessity that exists in every walk of life for greater care to be taken in this respect. No one in modern times was a greater offender

than the late Dean Stanley, who was the despair of the postal authorities, who appealed to him sometimes to at least let one part of the address of his letters be legible. One excellent story, for the truth of which I can vouch, is told of the Dean. He and Lady Augusta had accepted a certain invitation to dinner. The day came and the hour, but not the man. The host and hostess were in despair, and, the Deanery being near, it was suggested that an intimate friend should slip round and see what was the matter. The friend found the carriage at the door, and the Dean and Lady Augusta dressed and ready within, but looking the picture of

puzzled despair. On seeing their friend, the Dean's countenance at once brightened. "Now," he said, "my dear fellow, I remember where we are to dine. I made a note of it, and Lady Augusta and I have been trying to read it for the last half-hour."

New Ireland

A Weekly Non-Sectarian Paper for Irishmen throughout the World.

Go monadh dia Éire

No. 1, Vol. 1 LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 14th, 1898. Price One Penny.

Life, there is Mr. Oswald Crawford's *London Review*, and a paper called the *Literary Gazette* has been announced, but this I have not, so far, seen. Perhaps the most novel of all these projects is that for which Mr. Fitzroy Gardiner is responsible, bearing the title *New Ireland*. *New Ireland* seems to be an attempt to focus the literary Ireland of London in journalistic form. How far is that feasible when the Irish in London are divided entirely between those who write, and, therefore, it may be presumed, do not buy books or newspapers dealing with their own interests, and those who neither write nor buy? Ireland in London has, however, a very considerable literary force behind it; it includes Mr. Lecky among historians, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw among dramatists, Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Lionel Johnson among critics, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. H. A. Hinkson, and Mr. George Moore among novelists, and Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mrs. Hinkson among poets. Altogether, it is an interesting circle, and I wish the journal which will try to reflect it every possible success.

The smart lady who "desires to add to her income" has found a new vocation; as furnisher of flats, or adviser of about-to-be married mortals in the process of selection (of course, of furniture), she supplies a distinct want: I might say two wants, that of taste on the part of the public and of money on her own. The stock-in-trade necessary for this new kind of art-directorship is very simple—unbounded assurance and a smattering of art jargon are all that are required. The lady who can pose insistently as an authority will not fail to impose on her circle of acquaintances, particularly if she is fortunate enough to obtain one or two real Society leaders to puff her venture. This done, a flat should be taken and furnished in a sufficiently startling manner (with the professional assistance of some big furniture-house), and the adviser should give an "At Home" to which all sorts and conditions should be pressed to come; and the Press itself should not be forgotten. With a well-engineered send-off of this description, the lady art-director surely will not lack custom as long as the supply of "flats" remains unexhausted.

It was from San Francisco that the *Lark* took its earthward flight, and it was the *Lark* that brought Mr. Yone Noguchi into public notice. What more natural, then, that, when the *Lark* had ceased to sing, when Mr. Gelett Burgess, who was the *Lark*, turned his back upon the Pacific Slope, leaving the field to lesser larks, one of them should seize that opportunity to immortalise himself in the same manner? Mr. Yone Noguchi writes all the letterpress of the *Twilight*, the new paper, and Mr. M. Takahashi illustrates it. Both of these gentlemen



A SAN FRANCISCO PAPER.



THE COVER OF THE NEWEST LADIES' PAPER.

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THE NEW BATTLE OF DORKING.

Photographs by C. E. Fry and Son, South Kensington.





VENUS TEMPTS TANNHAUSER IN VAIN TO RETURN TO HER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LOVE-STORY OF A LONDON MAN.

BY J. P. BLAKE.

Marriage, to the many, is an addled compound of accident, inclination, and egotism; just, often enough, a dead misreckoning, with a fruition of aloes and ashes. But to the gifted among men the business is a stone of price, a key to high living and low thinking, to which the Church Service is at once symphony and incantation.

Yet there is the best of stuff in the worst of matter, and it occasionally finds us out. This is a tale of such a discovery.

Here it is remarked that the proof of puddings is not in the eating, as it is written; but in the digesting, as is proven. Lady Constance Palmes ate Irish hotel pudding for a long month. Then her distressed relatives departed hence, leaving her the grouts of a benediction, and the body of a maid.

"Entirely glad I stayed, though God made the place last, with tired hands, and Nature is resentful," she wrote to her departed aunt at the Hotel di Rigi, Lucerne. She proceeded, "The hills are still broken and lovely and blue, but the skies are distraught by thunder. I am happy, though. But—Jupiter be kind to me!—this hotel is a tower of tongue and intrigue. You have seen the slippered, hungry, clean-fingered, bread-breaking hotel man. You know the unpalatable wickedness of the creature as he rolls and swells behind the candles." "I proclaim to you," she concluded, "that I swing on the hills after the dinner and scream. I feel the sea in me—angry and eager. 'Pon my heart and honour, I've a mind to concern myself with the cots of the world, learn of curd and cream, bacon and barnbreak, and carry my skirts to a farm."

So it turned that Lady Constance, shedding at the hotel her secret, dependable maid, took unto herself frocks of figured cotton and stockings of grey worsted, and her next address was "Miss Addine, Robert Doyle's Farm, Gannymede, Co. Wicklow."

Occasionally, indeed, she broke the rope, and on a tall, hired dog-cart lashed her mare smoking into Dublin, dined at the Gresham, and over banana and Benedictine loitered till nine. Then, on rebalanced springs, she whipped back through the leafy lanes, and the peeping lights of far-sinking villages, and leaped the splash-board at the green by Gannymede.

So for a week she lived at the farm a new-fledged novelty. Then the lady who learnt everything and paid everybody was rounded into the habit of the common living; and in a month was as "institutioned" as the piled stones on Bray Head.

Egregiously modern London newsmongers traced their prey to Wicklow. Then the scent failed. Thus old Colonel Macrae, prophet of a pink be-curtained club-house in St. James's, tongued the tale a losing week behind. Colonel Macrae, in his last decade—creased trousers, weak whisky, and strong journals—served smoking Mayfair gossip to a ring of sententious listeners. He suited his song to his house. 'Twould be served petted and varnished with pretty paper ruffles, or raw and juicy on boards unplanned, as he took the temper of his congregation.

Mildly enough he told this night how Lady Constance Palmes, with maid and plaited hair and few changes of raiment, had eschewed the flare of London for the flavour of Irish bog-wood. He told precisely where she was, to the name of the hotel and the number of her room.

"It's a devil of a business, I promise you," said he—"a moneyed maid, entirely unattached. Why, with my '62 figure and the uric acid out of my blood, I'd stake a chance myself. Army looting made her father's money, and who but a soldier should spend it? Youngsters, my heart-days died with my war-days; but I say to you, put money in your purses and follow the wars."

They listened to old Mac as they had listened before. One only marked the tempter. He, cosily dosing that night, suspected that hanging about Ireland was as good as hanging about London. With the door of reason filched ajar, he weighed the means, and, as the bell of Paul's tolled two, he slammed the door on indecision, and in the morning touched in his trains with a red-lead pencil.

Astur Fenton was a tall, sleek, well-penciled little lion when he swung his head in London. But he knew that, at the thirteenth mile from Charing Cross, his claws and coat would be sharpened and improved past recognition, and, as he scratched the mould of a new country, he might roar loudly and of himself.

So Fenton came to Bluestones—Bluestones with its line of spitting surf and spread of September sea, and here and there a stab of splintered bronze rock; beyond, hills moulded like the breasts of a Greek goddess; on her neck, chains of golden gorse; at her feet, the sea.

Her ladyship was away for a time with her aunt, they told him vaguely at the hotel; but they were keeping her room for her—No. 35, looking on the bay.

However, he unhooked his key for a month unmurmuringly, for it was a blue day, and that evening ate a French dinner as only an Irish hotel can serve it.

Afterwards he strode round the village in the sweet evening 'tween-light. It was so very still that the whisper of the wind against a leaf seemed a speaking, articulate sound:

White little houses, after showing to the sun brazen, shameless faces for the day, fell back with shy, shut eyes as the night came down, and the sun sank behind the hills dreaming a purple benediction.

He walked for an hour silently. Then he waited by the path of one white house, hoping to cheat the wind and light a cigar.

A slip of a figure was standing by the gate as he swung past and peered into the darkness of the road. It seemed a girl, and she stood and picked into pieces the leaves of a marigold flower. Red-tipped creepers clawed the house behind her, and Nature opened its lips to the stars. He stopped, and the girl turned.

"Would it matter if I lighted a cigar in your porch?" he said. "You see, I can't wrestle with the wind without a fusee."

Coldly she bent her head in assent. He passed the gate.

"Not here by yourself?" he asked, seeing through the half-closed door shadows of a wood-fire and one empty chair.

"It is market-day," she said, "and they sell to eat."

He loitered, fidgeting with his fingers. "'Twould be rest," he said at last, "if I sat by your chair for a while and smoked."

"As you please," she said; "but the house is not mine."

They entered together. He pulled off his cap and dropped into the hearth-side chair.

"Won't you sit too?" he said to the girl. Obediently, with two dropped hands on two shy knees, she sat on a stool and faced him.

Lifting a piece of spluttering wood in the tongs, he lighted his cigar. The girl watched him the meantime, a little smile awake on her lips.

As a traveller from a strange land, he told her of London. He scorned, praised, blackened, and glorified it. Malison and benediction, pæan and anathema were cunningly intermixed.

"Is it so very wonderful?" she asked.

"Some say 'tis a city," he said; "others a country, or a fierce, insipid world of itself. But it is none of these; it is a disease."

She, with chin resting on cupped hands, was staring through the fire. Snakes of light were licking the logs and the bars, and her black hair, bound back over two rosy, ravishing ears, echoed the light in quivering scarlet.

"See the log," she said suddenly; "how like a crocodile swimming through the Styx!"

For many minutes they watched the bog-wood pulling and hissing in the bars. Suddenly she started.

"You'd better go now," she said.

After this he went away; and he shot, and swam, and golfed across the green, and caught cod from the fishermen's hooks, and herrings in their nets. But before many days he met her again swinging across the strip of a High Street. In her arms she carried two blue water-melons.

"Very white hands for burdens, little lady," he said as he caught her.

"Poor, sir; but mine own," she replied.

"But won't you let me suffer with you?"

"Oh, no, no! I mustn't stay; pray pardon me." She slipped past him in the instant, and was away. The man whistled and went on.

Studiously and for a week she avoided him. Then, on the cone of Little Sugarloaf, whilst walking with her dog, they faced across yellow-tipped gorze. She flared—

"For my life I want to know why you come to me as you do? Do you consider me a diversion, and what do you expect to make by it? You've tried it with others often enough before. Come!" she continued; "you don't like me a whit better than ten other women you could name if you liked. Don't tell me—I don't believe you're in love with me. Because, by my stars! I swear I'm not in love with you."

"Then we won't quarrel," he replied quietly; "let's be friends."

Agreeing to mount the Little Sugarloaf, they walked over the stretch of bracken together. Sprigs caught her gown. He stooped to clear her. "Come! march on!" she cried. "One'd unfetter a slave in less time." He was hipped, tingling, and very much in love. "You wretch!" he said; "you wretch, to plague me so!"

Quickly he rose from the stoop, and, sliding his hands along her gown, caught the slip of a figure in his arms. In the instant he had drawn her to him, bent to meet her face, and kissed on her lips the full-blooded kiss of totality.

The girl burnt in cheek, and eyes, and rising bosom. "Oh! oh! oh!—" she tried to say. She beat her white fists on his face, and in a very passion of borrowed power wrenched and released herself. Then, with eyes ablaze, flung the man stumbling among the bracken. Then she flew homeward.

Now Fenton, though coated by conventional sin, knew in heart something of honour and gentle instinct, and, after for the day balancing betwixt nonchalance and concern, he settled in the evening to be very heartily ashamed of himself. So much so that, cutting off his usual after-dinner Larranaga, he started, with contemplative pipe (which, perhaps, he liked just as well), to fashion into words some form for his ideas. He was altogether in earnest. He concluded to write.

"I was an awful brute to behave so," he scrawled. "I want to tell you this, though—you cannot think worse of me than I do myself. I am blackguard, cad, coward—anything you like. But I'll do what you wish to prove I'm sorry. I'll look at your window-flowers as I walk past in the morning—if you cut the white ones, I'll go back to London."

But he hadn't to wait till the morning and the geraniums. The paper was returned immediately, pencilled on the back, "If you are sorry, go to England now." Fenton forthwith returned to town.

He beat up and down the familiar Piccadilly streets, showed a woeful face at his club-window, and dined abstractedly. Men, had they eyes, might have remarked him watching for the future's revelations through oddly crinkled lashes, or eyeing on his palm, in furtive half-glances, a mite of treasured shamrock, sprinkled by St. Patrick's tears.

He borrowed philosophy to support his staying in London, and borrowed more to excuse his going to Ireland; then, after a week of flagrant wobbling, he damned himself for a craven. "Euston to Kingstown this time," he told his man.

By a mound somewhere at the back of the farm he found her. She was potting and re-potting geraniums; to her left, on a trestled board, were the cones of crawling roots and the heaps of brown, beautiful mould. She sat on a trestled board, one foot past the other.

She was "contained" in a blue linen gown which suggested Parisian rather than Wicklow fingers; rolled far above her elbow, it bared a whiteness to be wondered but not told. She gave no sign that she suspected his advance. One yellow frog was crewelled on her ankle. She looked deliciously feminine.

Though affecting complete unconsciousness, she made no start of recognition as he came to face her. He stood with his cap pegged on his finger. "I have been a week in England, and now I am come back," he said grimly. Wisely, he waited for her to talk. Treating the letter as a thing unheeded, forgotten, she won his gratitude. He stood away from her now in quiet respect and some dignity.

"You may sit," she remarked at last.

With hesitation, a show of humility, he balanced himself at t'other end of the trestle.

"In love the effects of chance are not to be denied," he remarked, and paused to watch the theory simmer. Demure, but gravely practical, she snapped two pink fingers and ejaculated, "Tuhh!"

Of many things they talked that evening in the shadow of the grey-mossed hills. What was heart-break? he asked. Did she know?

"You wouldn't have me drop *my* heart and break it?" she said.

"Not at once and utterly; but what do you say to small fractures and occasional tiny stumbles?"

"Yes, God save us! and the last a most miserable slip over some shabby little stone, and the whole business shivering in atoms."

They whispered together of trifles that were great things, and great things that were trifles. She softened to him in time, and something came into her lips and broke them into kindness.

Flakes of grey cloud, like dead driven smoke, hung over the hills, and the sun, dying down in a crescent of spreading colour, burnt as the

AT THE OPERA.

Miss Suzanne Adams, the young American soprano, has proved herself to be one of the most promising operatic recruits secured for many a day, for, as well as having a clear, penetrating, and silvery voice (which has been compared to Melba's), she is a clever actress, and has



MISS MARIE BREMA AS ORFEO.

Photo by Dupont, Brussels.

excellent staying powers both vocally and physically. Miss Adams was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and, going to Paris in 1890, at once began her vocal studies under M. Jacques Bouhey, and dramatic acting under the late M. Plugrie, of the Paris Opera. She made her first appearance in January 1894 at the Grand Opera as Juliette, and remained there for three years, singing all the leading light soprano rôles. At the termination of that engagement she was secured for the opera in Nice, and there re-engaged for a second season, after which she was engaged by Mr. Grau for the present season at Covent Garden, and also the coming one in America. Miss Adams has studied her Italian repertoire in Paris with Madame Calvo de Pociotto, and during this season will repeat the above-named rôles, as well as sing Baucis, Eurydice, the Queen in "Les Huguenots" and also in "Faust."

No opera season would be at all complete without the assistance of Miss Marie Brema, who year by year seems to improve and mature her wonderful talents, and to return to us from her studies with Blümé with renewed vigour both for her vocal and dramatic work; and, indeed, the grip with which she attacks the most difficult of the Wagnerian rôles is almost masculine in its virility and strength.

This season Miss Brema has repeated one of her earliest operatic rôles, that of Orfeo, which she has not given in public since her first season under Signor Lago at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1892. The spring of 1893 saw her début at Covent Garden, and she scored an immense success as Lola to the Santuzza of Madame Calvo, and created the part of Guinevere in Bemberg's "Elaine." At Bayreuth she has appeared as Kundry in "Parsifal," and counts Madame Wagner among her firmest friends and admirers; and on the same stage she has scored as Brünnhilde—indeed, she did not sing one season at the Festival, as she was offered the part of Fricka, but felt that she could not bear to be on the boards with another singing the wonderful and invigorating "Ho-yo-to-ho!" call of the Walkyrie. Miss Brema was born in Ireland, but is of German parentage, and was entirely educated in the Fatherland. She has a most artistic and genial temperament.

A curious and unpleasant accident occurred to her on her first appearance in New York, and it was one which would have incapacitated almost any singer. As Brünnhilde, she enters from the mountains and at once runs down a steep descent; on this evening she found, too late to stop, that the steps had been forgotten, and she was precipitated into a chasm below. The crashing of the orchestra prevented the audience from knowing what had happened, but those on the stage felt sure they would hear no more of her Brünnhilde that evening. However, though severely bruised, she never sang better in her life, and the house rose at her and she received great praise for her "effective entry."



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

sounding of war which far-away gods were raging. And they turned their eyes towards the sinking sun, holding each the other's hand. Their lives were deep in the present—they were dreaming sweethearts' dreams.

WE WELCOME CALVÉ BACK.



MADAME CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉ DUPONT, NEW YORK.

"IN DUBLIN FAIR CITY, WHERE CHILDREN ARE PRETTY."

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



“IN DUBLIN FAIR CITY, WHERE CHILDREN ARE PRETTY.”

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



PITY THE SORROWS OF FAMINE-STRICKEN IRELAND.



A STARVING FAMILY AT CARRAROL.

It is a bad policy to encourage the Irish peasantry to rely on philanthropy, but the present condition of a very large number of the inhabitants of the West and South of Ireland is as deplorable as it is exceptional. This is no party question. The clergy of all denominations and politicians of all schools are at the back of the movements to raise funds for relief of the present distress. Subscriptions may be sent to the Manchester Relief Fund, "Guardian" Office, Manchester, or to the Mansion House Relief Fund, Dublin.



A FAMILY AT GOUNURRA.

A FRIEND OF LONGFELLOW AND EMERSON.

A STUDY OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Twenty years ago, and even less, there stood, perhaps half a mile from Harvard Square, in Old Cambridge, a section of forest which bore the name "Norton's Woods." It occupied beautiful rolling ground, and was a place of some mystery to undergraduates. Since then the growth of the city has encroached on these Academic shades, and streets have been elaborated, and now there is a population of professors where once only sylvan deities—Fauns and Dryads and Satyrs—may be supposed to have disported. The trees are not all gone; still considerably retired from the thicker settlement, and crowning a gentle rise, is the home of Charles Eliot Norton, LL.D. You reach it through an avenue of stately pines. It is a dignified wooden mansion, the very aspect of which suggests hospitality and refined comfort, as well as the dignity of age. Even now it is guiltless of the vulgarity of gas. It was built not quite a hundred years ago by Governor Phillips, the father of Wendell Phillips, and it is believed that the eloquent orator of Anti-Slavery days was born in it. About 1821 it was bought by Dr. Andrews Norton, a well-known professor in the Cambridge Theological School, and author of "Historical Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels." Here also was born his son, Charles Eliot Norton, the friend of Carlyle and Ruskin and FitzGerald and Matthew Arnold, of Longfellow and Curtis and Emerson and Lowell. Young Norton was graduated from Harvard in 1836, and a few years later served as supercargo on a voyage to India. In the 'fifties he was abroad, and on his return published a volume entitled "Notes of Travel and Study," in which he confessed his love of and indebtedness to Italy. Italy has, indeed, been an *alma mater* to him. He has in a certain sense represented Italy in America, for his prose translations of the "Vita Nuova," interspersed with metrical versions of the canzone and sonnets, published more than thirty years ago, was only the beginning of his services in encouraging a knowledge of Italian, and especially of Dante, literature. In 1865 he, with Lowell and Longfellow, established a Dante Club, which had especial oversight of Longfellow's metrical rendering of the *Divina Commedia*. His own prose translation of the work was not published until 1891—nearly thirty years later. The now flourishing Dante Society of America is largely the child of his affection.

During the War of the Rebellion he edited the papers put forth by the Loyal Publication Society, and between 1864 and 1868 he was associated with Lowell in the editorship of the *North American Review*, for which he wrote many political articles. After another extended residence abroad, he was appointed Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, the chair of which he has recently resigned. His "Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages" has served as a text-book for many architects. His courses of lectures on Art and Architecture have been popular for many years, not alone among the students of his classes, but also among the wider circles drawn to his lecture-rooms by their interest in his subjects. His strictures on the bombastic and *outré* have had no small effect in creating a wholesome appreciation of what is best in the realm of art.

His influence has been thrown wholly on the side of sane, conservative criticism, and, consequently, no one in America is listened to with greater respect. A recent writer remarks—

An average college-boy has a very rudimentary idea of art. Monograms of his class numerals, fancy sofa-cushions, and memories of long lines in perspective of stupid foreign galleries make up to the younger men, at any rate, the "art interest." It has been Mr. Norton's task at Harvard to work upon such youths; to turn their ignorance into a desire for knowledge, their listlessness into appreciation, and their interest, where there was any, into work. This he has done, and of the hundreds who have attended the Fine Arts courses not one has left college without, at least, an elementary power of artistic judgment.

Not only has he lectured and written on art, but he has also fostered, through introductions and other critical services, the presentation of many literary masterpieces. He edited the Letters of James Russell Lowell, who was, perhaps, nearer to him than to any other American. George William Curtis, the accomplished editor of *Harper's Weekly*, left

a legacy of patriotic speeches: these appeared under the scholarly care of Mr. Norton. The correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle found in him a sympathetic compiler. Not long since he contributed to an American edition of Scott a shrewd and well-balanced analysis of the poet's qualities and his claim on immortality.

Mr. Norton's views of life are by some regarded as not wholly optimistic; this is undoubtedly due to the fact that he has felt compelled publicly to criticise certain tendencies of American life. But those who know him well are certain of his broad and generous sympathies. He is interested in music, and was for some time President of the Harvard Musical Association, which, before the days of the Boston Symphony Concerts, did much towards stimulating a love for what is best in musical art. No one ever presided more gracefully over its annual meetings or put the members and guests more completely at their ease. He was also the first President of the American Institute of Archaeology at its beginning in 1879, and has been from the first its loyal supporter in its many undertakings in "fair Hellas."

It is certainly worth a good deal in a country like America, where the proverbial worship of the dollar tends to make life hurried, feverish, and superficial, to have a man of lofty ideals dwelling, as it were, apart and calmly superior to all that is petty and ignoble. It is worth while to have such a man stand out against the Philistine in art and literature, to exemplify the happiness of simplicity and high thinking, the dignity of moderate means and worthy objects. This is especially shown by a man's friendships, and it is well known that Mr. Norton has enjoyed peculiar intimacy with the noblest men of his day; this may be read in the letters of Lowell and in those of Edward FitzGerald. The list of distinguished men and women from abroad who have been entertained at Shady Hill would tell the same story of choice friendships.

So it may be hoped that what is the loss of the University will be the gain of the world at large. Mr. Norton, though, as he says, he has passed the grand climacteric, is, nevertheless, well preserved. His appearance is that of the gentle scholar and the refined man of the world. His voice is clear and ringing, his eye full of keen observation. His house is the centre of a delightful society, graced by the presence of two charming daughters. One of the Boston papers, commenting on Mr. Norton's life-work, spoke of him as "a man of work and attainments, of conviction and courage, of dignity and quiet demeanour, of faith and hope." His friends look up to him with peculiar reverence

for his own personal charm and sincerity, and also as a connecting link between the younger generation and that which has almost entirely passed away—the circle of Longfellow and Emerson, Holmes and Lowell. He is of them and yet of us, and there is something about him that savours of sunny youth, in spite of thinning locks and of feeble step. It is the spirit within.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Photo by Pach Brothers, Cambridge, Massachusetts

"YOUNG BLOOD."

"Young Blood," Mr. Hornung's latest story (Cassell), contains a character that overshadows all the rest of the personages, and especially the hero. When the story has quite slipped away from our memory, Gordon Lowndes will still be a reality. He is certainly one of the most living of all the many adventurers in fiction. He is a very shady person—a scoundrel, to tell the truth. Mr. Hornung does not blink the fact. But he has excellent and delightful qualities. Not the most respectable of City Fathers was ever more willing to serve a friend, to do him a good turn which cost time and trouble, and money too, if he happened to have it. There was not an ounce of egoism in his fraudulent projects. He was not a vague, vapid "friend of humanity," but he was a genuine, if very embarrassing, friend of his friends. With his *naïveté*, his generosity, his vivacity, his courage, his colossal audacity, and his entire want of commercial morals, he lives before us. His creation is, I think, the most original thing we owe as yet to Mr. Hornung.



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DANSEUSE A LA BARRE.—PIERRE CARRIER-BELLEUSE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

I have already dealt with the portraiture of the present Royal Academy Exhibition, portraiture which includes such magnificent work as Sargent's "Asher Wertheimer, Esq.," and such attractive work as Mr. Orchardson's presentment of Miss Fairfax Rhodes. Such compositions as these would alone entitle the present—or should one say the current?—show to better consideration than that which it has reasonably claimed for many years; and not even the patriotic sentiment of Professor Herkomer, or the postal delivery of a Cornish village as represented by the highly academic Mr. Stanhope Forbes, should destroy that record. Such portraits are a perennial treasure to these modern days, and among them must be mentioned Mr. Dudley Hardy's astonishingly beautiful little picture, "The Widow," painted exquisitely, and full of a grave and profound sentiment.

thing—a personal outlook upon the world which he elects to make pictorial. That is so much, in a period which is in the habit of following every new hint given by those who have very little to impart to the world, and who are best left alone, without imitators. Mr. La Thangue, whatever his methods may be, remains a very exquisite artist. His brushwork is extraordinarily subtle.

"The Harrow," by Mr. George Clausen, if in parts it is unsatisfactorily drawn, remains a tremendous example of this painter's accomplishment. The horse literally leaps from the canvas, an effect which the painter doubtless intended, for the boy who holds the animal is so completely withdrawn from the field of action that by this curiously undemonstrative method the picture continues to be a record of strength without violence, of simplicity without blankness. I hear that a lady



LE GUI.—MADAME V. DEMONT-BRETON.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

The landscapes of the year are few but good. Mr. Adrian Stokes, for example, has contributed to the record a most beautiful "Mountains and Hill," in which a great tenderness for colour, combined with a wonderful consideration for light and atmosphere, is nobly conspicuous. Indeed, this ranks among the best things in the Academy, and I wonder that the Chantrey Trustees have not seen their way to include it among their purchases of the year. But Mr. La Thangue reasonably takes the palm for his most exquisite landscapes. His "Harvesters at Supper" is the mere picture of overburdened men and women gathered together by a fire in the late autumn evening for a brief rest and refreshment. The fire is alight and the smoke rises in the air, which is most delicately expressed in this fine painting. The sky is beautiful, and the rings of smoke are real. His "Nightfall" is also extraordinarily lovely. Perhaps the strip of moon makes too little an effect upon the landscape; but the feeling of dusk is finely rendered in a large, broad, even style. I understand that Mr. La Thangue has abjured altogether the conventions of a studio, and paints what he chooses to paint out in the open air "naked and unashamed." That, probably, accounts for the quite amazing truthfulness of his open-air conceptions. Certainly he has not the delicacy, the exquisite feeling, of a Corot; but he has the next best

celebrated less for her achievement in colour, atmosphere, and poetic tenderness in art than for her splendid achievements in pure draughtsmanship, despises Clausen's wonderful picture, on the score that the left fore-leg (let me say) is a shade out of drawing, that life should always be in its artistic representation an instantaneous photograph. This critic is, in a sense, quite right, for surely, if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that bad drawing destroys the possibility of artistic excellence. Yet, if one compares Mr. Clausen's "The Harrow" with Lady Butler's "On the Morrow of Talavera: Soldiers of the 43rd Bringing in the Dead," one is made to feel that, though the latter is an extremely accurate drawing from every possible technical point of view, the former is far more a production of real artistic feeling and of an artistic sense of that which is beautiful.

The landscape of the better-known artists this year is too mannered, too much of a foregone conclusion, to be exceedingly interesting. Mr. William Stott's "The Happy Valley" has received much praise, and assuredly to a great extent it deserves encomium. But, though much of the purely scenic effect is very pretty, Mr. Stott rather destroys his own fineness of sentiment by picturing two human creatures who, instead of walking, float through the grass at the riverside.

GREAT DANES AS PETS.

They are big, they seem headstrong, and yet Great Danes make delightful house-dogs and pets. At least, Mrs. Horsfall, of Redgrave Hall, Norfolk, has no doubt upon that point whatever.

"I was always fond of big dogs," Mrs. Horsfall says, "and some five years ago, when I started my kennels, I chose Great Danes because

like Hannibal, is most good-tempered, but death to cats, and extremely restless, being always on the go.

His half-sisters and brother referred to are promising youngsters. Valentine is only fourteen months old, and, though somewhat light in condition and quite unfurnished, yet she has already won over twenty



VALENTINE OF REDGRAVE.



EMMA OF REDGRAVE.

they are such magnificent, upstanding fellows, especially when they are well-grown and have the long, clean, arched neck typical of the breed. Then, again, their short coat shows off their muscular bodies so well, and, moreover, is very little trouble to keep in order. I like to have my dogs about me in the house and out, and the hair of long-coated dogs has the unfortunate habit of coming off on everything. They are so active and graceful, too, in their movements, notwithstanding their great size."

Take Mrs. Horsfall's Hannibal, for instance—Champion Hannibal of Redgrave is his full title—a remarkably handsome fellow of immense power. He is as gentle as a lamb with everybody and a great pet with the children, with whom he is kind and gentle. They play with him absolutely without fear, and yet, strangely enough, he greatly dislikes puppies and has almost killed one or two; but now he knows better, and when they tease him too much he gravely walks off and leaves them to their own devices. He was born in June 1894, and is by Hannibal—Emma II. The list of prizes he has won covers all the best-known shows, his last win of importance being first prize, championship, and special at Cruft's this year.

His mother is Emma of Redgrave, a grand specimen of the breed, full of quality, of great substance, and she has a beautiful head. She is the mother of three very promising puppies—Valentine, Victor, and Vanda—and, as a good mother should be, she is very fond of children, and is

firsts and specials. When she fills out, she will hold her own against the best dogs in the country.

"I am specially fond of Valentine," Mrs. Horsfall remarked, "for she has been a great anxiety to me during the earlier days of her puppyhood, and for several months she was most dainty and delicate, and I feared I should never rear her. She was also unfortunate in accidents. Once she got her tail shut in a door, and for a long time we had great doubts that part of it would not come off; then she sprained one of her forelegs so badly it seemed it would never come right, but now she is quite well, and repays me for all my anxiety and trouble. We always keep her in the house." Valentine is the particular property of Master Dick Horsfall, Vanda belongs to Master Tom, Victor to Miss Violet Horsfall. Looking at them now, one would scarcely believe that a few months ago the children could carry the puppies about in their arms; to-day the pups could carry their owners on their backs.

All the older dogs are imported, but these three puppies Mrs. Horsfall has bred herself, so she is particularly proud of them. Of full-grown dogs she has now twelve, all of them well-bred, and most of them good winners. Bosco of Redgrave is Mrs. Horsfall's latest acquisition, and bids fair to equal the others in her affections. But, alas! his ears have been cropped, and that precludes him, under Kennel Club rules, from being shown. Yet he won a first at the recent Norwich Show in a



CHAMPION HANNIBAL OF REDGRAVE.



CHAMPION BELLA OF REDGRAVE.

particularly quiet and gentle. Her late owner, Mr. Leder, had a large family of children, and it was quite a sight to see Emma in her box in the kitchen surrounded with puppies and children.

Hannibal has a lovely sister, called Bella of Redgrave, who has taken two specials and championship at Cruft's last exhibition. She,

variety class. He has a grandly arched neck, and is most powerfully built. They are all of them without exception very fond of her, and are perfectly under control and obedient to her slightest command; each and every one of these great fellows showed their faithful affection for their mistress in every wag of the tail and glance of the eye.

A. J. B.



THREE PROMISING GREAT DANES AND THEIR YOUNG OWNERS, VIOLET, TOM, AND DICK HORSFALL.



MRS. H. L. HORSFALL AND HER CHAMPION GREAT DANES.

WOMEN AS GOLFERS

Since women began to play golf tennis has had very little chance, and the interest in this year's competition, which took place on the links of the Great Yarmouth Club, may be gauged from the fact that the daily newspapers reported the meeting at considerable length. All the best players were there—Miss Dod (Moreton), Miss Isette Pearson (Wimbledon), Miss Lena Thomson (Wimbledon), Miss Nevile (Worcester), and Miss Barwell (Great Yarmouth). The greatest interest on the opening day centred in the match between Miss Pearson and Miss Armstrong (Prince's). These players were all square at the eighth hole, but Miss Armstrong fozzled her approach at the ninth, and gave up the hole. At the seventeenth matters were again all square, Miss Pearson fozzling her approach shot and playing short with her third. At the eighteenth Miss Armstrong played a splendid approach game, being dead on the green with her third stroke. Miss Pearson, however, amidst



MISS PEARSON PUTTING.

but clearing well at the seventh, driving into the bush at eighth, and approaching into the bush at the ninth. Miss Thomson was 5 up at the turn; but Miss Nevile took the tenth, her opponent going into the bush. Both were in difficulties at the eleventh, Miss Nevile, after fozzling her drive, approaching into the bush, and taking 4 to get out; while Miss Thomson hit the fence with her third and came back to the bunker. Miss Thomson took the fourteenth, her opponent again bunkering, and the fifteenth being halved, Miss Thomson thus won the championship. The approximate scores for the thirteen holes were: Miss Thomson: 4, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, 4, 5, 6, 7, 4, 4—63; and Miss Nevile: 5, 6, 5, 5, 4, 6, 6, 6, 7, 5, 9, 6, 4—74. The winner is a daughter of Mr. Thomson, of the Leith and London Shipping Company.

Apropos of golf, and more particularly of the appearance of Mr. Lang's book, "The Making of Religion," the genesis of which is to be found in the Gifford Lectures he delivered some time ago at St. Andrews, the following lines—"dedicated to Andrew Lang by an old fellow-student on hearing he had become a professor"—may be quoted. It is some eight or nine years since the lines were printed in a Northern paper—

Oh, Andrew, man, St. Andrews, man,
Is a' the world to thee!
In London fogs yere cheeks are wan,
Be aff, man, to the lea,
Wi' nibluc, cleek, an' driver, man.
Oh, Andrew, man, St. Andrews man—
Man, here's a health to thee!
Professor here, Professor there,
Ye're Andrew Lang to me.
Weel fill ye the Professor's chair
Wi' learned lore; and yet, methinks,
I ken richt weel yere heart's no there,
It's yonder owre the Links.



MISS BARWELL, MISS THOMSON, MISS DOD, AND MISS ELLEN NEVILE.

cheers, brought off a four yards' putt and won the hole. Playing on to the nineteenth hole, Miss Armstrong stymied her adversary with her third, but missed her fourth. Miss Pearson holed out and won the match. Scores: Miss Pearson: out, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 6, 5, 5—43; home, 4, 7, 5, 4, 5, 4, 8, 5, 4—46; total, 89 strokes. Miss Armstrong: out, 4, 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 4, 4, 6—45; home, 5, 7, 4, 3, 5, 4, 8, 5, 4—45; total, 90. In the semi-final, Miss Nevile beat Miss Dod by 1 up; and Miss Thomson beat Miss Barwell by 4 holes up and 3 to play. In the final round, Miss Thomson beat Miss Nevile by 6 and 5, thereby securing the championship. Miss Thomson's drive to the first hole was straighter, and forty yards longer than her opponent's, and she won in 4 to 5. She also took the second, two halves following. Miss Nevile secured the fifth, a good putt by Miss Thomson running round the hole, while she also missed her next. She took the next four, Miss Nevile being off the line with her drive, and fozzling her approach at the sixth, going into the bunker,



MISS DOD DRIVING AT THE FIFTEEN GREEN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



ELSIE (*threatened with instant punishment*): "I'm not really naughty, you know; I'm only pretending!"

BYRON COME TO LIFE AGAIN.*

Among the revenges of Time which this present dying century has effected, not the least curious is the edition of Byron's poetical works of which the first volume has at length been issued. When the youthful Byron, goaded by the reception of his *juvenilia* in certain quarters, ran amuck at most of his contemporaries in that clever but very shallow satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he spoke of "gentle Coleridge"—

To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear,

and, ending on the "Lines to a Young Ass," remarked—

How well the subject suits his noble mind!
A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

When that ludicrously inapt couplet was written, or when it was brightened up and rendered still more gratuitously truculent—

So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the Laureate of the long-eared kind,

what would the young poet have thought if he had been told that, before the close of the century—his grandson aiding and abetting—

Coleridge's own grandson would be calmly annotating the ribald page in the course of the large task of producing a critical and scholarly edition of the poems of Coleridge's ruthless assailant?

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who has made a very fruitful examination of the manuscripts and other material for a final edition of Byron in the Albemarle Street archives, and those of Lord Lovelace and Mr. and Miss Webb, of Newstead Abbey, has also ranged far and wide through books, magazines, and newspapers for material having an illustrative or elucidative value for his purpose; and



THE COVER OF THE NEW BYRON.

he appears to have spared no pains in getting his materials into order and setting them out in an intelligible manner. A better typographical scheme would have helped his book to a more confident air of finality and made it pleasanter reading; but it is perhaps scarcely within the scope of an editor's functions to control the details of the printed page, even if he chances to possess the requisite technical knowledge.

It is to be understood from the preface that the arrangement of the book is chronological, the degenerated text being set right from the vast array of extant manuscripts, and variations, printed and manuscript, being noted at the foot. "Poems and plays are given, as far as possible, in chronological order. 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan,' which were written and published in parts, are printed continuously; and minor poems, including the first four satires, have been arranged in groups according to the date of composition. Epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* have been placed together, in chronological order, towards the end of the sixth volume." Of this last arrangement there may well be two opinions, so much of Byron's work being epigrammatic or of the nature of *jeux d'esprit*; but the point is not important: what is of consequence is the sense in which the whole book is to be chronological in its arrangement; and here the correspondence of this first volume with the programme, as given in the words of the editor quoted above, is not obvious. As regards Byron's own issues, this volume carries us from the quarto "Fugitive Pieces" of 1806 to "The Waltz," written in the autumn of 1812, and published in the spring of 1813. It is quite intelligible that "Childe Harold," as it is to be published continuously, should appear after "The Waltz," although two cantos of it were published in 1812, for the third came out in 1816, and the fourth in 1818. Equally does the scheme involve the separation from Cantos I. and II. of "Childe Harold" of the group of minor poems which Byron published with those cantos. But of these many were written long before "The Waltz," and it is not clear to the lay mind why they do not take their places in the large group called "Early Poems from Various Sources," with which Mr. Coleridge follows up his judiciously grouped series from the quarto of 1806 and its three successors, "Poems on Various Occasions," "Hours of Idleness," and "Poems Original and Translated." This is the more curious because in that group Mr. Coleridge has inserted one piece purporting to be from the first "Childe Harold"

volume—"First published, 'Childe Harold,' Cantos I., II. (Seventh Edition), 1814"—a statement in itself more or less baffling, for in the copy of the seventh edition, lying on the table as this is written, there is no trace of the poem. It is that called "Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull"; and, by-the-bye, why does the charming photo-sculpture from the miniature of Mary Chaworth face the first three gruesome stanzas of that piece? Surely it should illustrate the next poem, "Well, thou art happy"; but the binder has obeyed the instructions on page 23.

We are promised a substantial addition to Byron's poetry from manuscript sources. "At least thirty poems" are to be in the six volumes, including some new stanzas of "Don Juan" and a fragment of Part III. of "The Deformed Transformed." Eleven new pieces are already given in this first volume; but these are not, as they could not well be, of very thrilling interest. The best worth recovering are "Pignus Amoris" (title affixed by Mr. Coleridge), and "Egotism: a Letter to J. T. Becher," the first, though very poor and lifeless, for a certain illustrative value, the other as a lively and promising precursor of the ultimate Byron's metrical dexterities and verbal surprises. "Pignus Amoris" opens thus—

As by the fix'd decrees of Heaven,
'Tis vain to hope that Joy can last;
The dearest boon that Life has given
To me is—visions of the past.

For these this toy of blushing hue
I prize with zeal before unknown,
It tells me of a Friend I knew,
Who loved me for myself alone.

After five more equally flat quatrains comes the final—

Then still I wear my simple toy,
With pious care from wreck I'll save it;
And this will form a dear employ,
For dear I was to him who gave it.

Everything here, date, thought, "blushing hue," points to the episode of the Cambridge chorister Edlestone, whom Byron saved from drowning, and whose gift the young poet celebrated in "The Cornelian," which really has some pathos in it—

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre *only once* it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friend-ship's ties,
Have, for my weakness, oft reprovd me
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure the giver lov'd me.

No doubt Byron was thoroughly dissatisfied with the first very poor attempt, and left a practical evidence of the strength of the feeling he could not at first express by re-writing the whole piece on a higher level of emotion. Poor Edlestone died in 1811, and on March 16, 1812, Byron wrote "On a Cornelian Heart which was Broken"—

Ill-fated heart! And can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

The stanzas given as "Pignus Amoris" would have figured better as a foot-note to "The Cornelian"; but Mr. Coleridge does not in any way connect the two versions.

"Egotism" is a racy enough exercise in double and triple rhymed quatrains, in which he indulges his clerical friend with confidences, and, in the first of the four quatrains given below, alludes to the stanzas which that friend thought so dangerous to the young poet's reputation as to necessitate the destruction of the 1806 quarto ("Fugitive Pieces")—

I've loved, and many damsels know it—
But whom I don't intend to mention,
As *certain stanzas* also show it,
Some say *deserving* Reprehension.

Some ancient Dames, of virtue fiery
(Unless report does much belie them),
Have lately made a sharp Enquiry,
And much it grieves me to deny them.

Two whom I lov'd had eyes of Blue,
To which I hope you've no objection;
The Rest had eyes of darker Hue—
Each Nymph, of course, was all perfection.

But here I'll close my *chaste* Description,
Nor say the deeds of animosity;
For *silence* is the best prescription
To *physic* idle curiosity.

It is hardly to be doubted that the second line in the last of these quatrains is already corrupt on its first appearance in print. The true reading is probably "Nor sow the seeds of animosity," the corruption arising from the illegibility inseparable from that haste which is pleaded in prose at the end of the piece, thus—

P.S.—These were written between one and two, after *midnight*. I have not corrected or revised.—Yours,
BYRON.

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition, with Illustrations. Poetry. Vol. I. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. London: Murray.

This same haste is responsible—though here there is no question of illegibility—for the metrical defect in the following quatrain—

I've lived as many others live,
And yet, I think, with more enjoyment;
For could I through my days again live,
I'd pass them in the *same* employment.

foot-notes. If it is, as a rule, book-lore acquired at first-hand, so much the better; but Mr. Coleridge must not rely upon Mr. Henley in this respect. At page 368 of this first volume we are told that Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd brought out in 1798 "a joint volume of their own composition, named *Poems in Blank Verse*." That italicised title is not what Lamb and Lloyd gave their book; but it is



LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER, THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, WHOSE SON IS EDITING THE NEW EDITION.
From the Drawing of A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Here, by the time the poet arrived at the third line, he had seen how to get a telling double rhyme, and, of course, in his mind, he had altered the first line to

I've lived as many other men live;

but, as he had "not corrected or revised," he never found out that he had not fulfilled his intention. But how came his editor not to find it out?

Mr. Coleridge evidently sees the importance of bibliographical annotation; and there is a considerable wealth of book-lore in his

what Mr. Henley gives it in his first volume of Byron's Letters. The real name of the book is "*Blank Verse*, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb."

The fact that there are five more volumes of Mr. Coleridge's edition to come, and that every one of them must in the nature of things be more important than the first, makes it worth while to point out these minor blemishes. It is impossible for Byron's admirers not to take a keen interest in the carrying out of this long projected work; and equally impossible not to wish the editor, in all sincerity, complete success in his arduous undertaking.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The natural instinct of the clever and modern young man of any epoch is to pull down his father's gods and set up what were the abominations of an older day in honoured places. This reversal of former judgments is a healthy sign in each young generation, though the world's opinion is not of necessity much influenced thereby. Probably Mr. H. B. Irving's "Life of Judge Jeffreys" (Heinemann) sprang out of a youthful instinct of this kind. Jeffreys had been tremendously abused in past times; but men of past times were fogies; ergo, Jeffreys was not half so black as he was painted. Nero has been whitewashed; so has Catiline. Nobody has been left for this interesting process half so good as the hero of the "Bloody Assizes." Very likely, there was nothing more serious at the root of the task Mr. Irving set himself to do. But he gained seriousness as his purpose grew. It is not a mere book of youthful bounce he has written, a book of shoddy history, of insolent gibes at old prejudices and partisanship. Whoever in the future writes the story of the Judge or traces the consequences of the rebellion of Monmouth will have to consult Mr. Irving. He has been an earnest student, a careful sifter of evidence, an intelligent critic of the biographies that have preceded his. His book is more candid than the others; it is more serious than many ponderous works dealing with the

of the Judge's career, by no means unimportant in the history of the time, and, altogether, the Life is a dignified, painstaking, and capable piece of work.

A book of reminiscences is before me—two volumes of Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary" (Murray). He has published four volumes in all, and has reached 1881. It has been no part of the writer's plan to give an account of his public career. What remains after you have subtracted politics from his credit account is all very amiable, very cultivated, very many-sided, and occasionally dull. One perceives he never failed to make the most of his opportunities. He was always intelligent, lofty in his interests, with an almost morbid respect for intellect. He tells a characteristic story about himself, how, when anyone used to say, "Is not the Orleans Club rather fast?" the reply was, "Oh no; Mr. Grant Duff is a member." One cannot imagine anything fast remotely connected with him; but in things of the mind he must have "gone the pace," according to this diary—not as a student, be it said, but as a conscientious sightseer, if so one may speak of his indefatigable calling on and entertaining celebrities, his grave reports of dinner-parties and social assemblies where extraordinary persons were present, his notes on scenery and on books, his political and literary gossip, and his jottings of anecdotes and jests. The 24th of March, 1877, was no very unusual day, and this is its



Mr. Fawcett.

Mr. Rignold.

Miss Florence Lloyd.

AN EXCITING SCENE IN "THE J.P.," AT THE STRAND THEATRE, WHERE MISS FLORENCE LLOYD, MASQUERADING AS A MAN, WANTS TO FIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

period. His honesty and courage, joined to an evident industry in historical research, point to undoubted talents for this department of literature.

Nevertheless, his alteration of the common judgment on Jeffreys will be slight enough. What he has done is to destroy him as a nursery ogre, to show that he was no superhuman or inhuman monster of cruelty and vice, but only a very bad-hearted and low-minded man. It is a good deal for Mr. Irving to have done, but it is not much for the infamous Judge to have gained. The biographer's inferences and his comments are not on an intellectual level with the calmness and the impartiality of his historical record and his sifting of evidence. His apologies are weak; his excuses are often flippant. Some facts which he states may explain excesses, but cannot justify a settled ignoble attitude. How great was the Judge's physical suffering perhaps we never realised before, yet, though physical suffering may account for occasional outbursts of cruelty, it can hardly be deemed an excuse for the sufferer being a lifelong tool of inhuman oppression. "Oh, but his opinions were so sincerely on the side of law and order," cries Mr. Irving. There are certain opinions that have to be suffered for, not for a period, but eternally; and Jeffreys held them. His unholy martyrdom will not end as it might have done had he persecuted as did St. Dominic. His sin was the unforgivable one, the lewd scorn of humanity. Mr. Irving's apology falls to the ground. By the facts which he admits, Jeffreys was a very repulsive kind of brute. But his work remains valuable none the less. It has stripped off much exaggeration from the tale; has brought new light to bear on the earlier portions

record: In the morning a visit to Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, with grave conversation on the state of Europe; then to Gambetta, with talk of the gigantic armaments of all nations; later in the day, a call on Renan—more lofty intercourse; thence to Mrs. Augusta Craven's—and one knows the mental atmosphere there was lively; afterwards to Olga Smirnoff; then to the Tourgueneffs, with, presumably, more literary talk; then back to the Cravens' to dine, where he could have hardly fallen asleep, since an editor was his fellow-guest.

But there are good stories in the Diary, and admirably told—this one of a discussion at Lewes's, for instance. "Someone maintained that everybody had written a tragedy. 'Yes,' said Lewes, 'everyone, even Herbert Spencer.' 'Ah!' interposed Huxley, 'I know what the catastrophe would be—an induction killed by a fact.'" Guizot's *mot*, when someone said the *Times* could not be bought, "Oh! le *Times* est impayable," is also worth recording. And for the reply of the station-master to Lord Gort, who had missed the express, "Shure, me lord, the punctuality of that train disturbs the whole town of Limerick," we can be duly grateful. But some of the jests, riddles, and puns jotted down by this grave frequenter of brilliant circles are hardly of the calibre of these. The Browning anecdotes, however, strike me as mostly new and *ben trovati*. The poet was introduced to the Chinese Ambassador, and informed that he, too, wrote poetry. Browning, in the course of the conversation, asked, "And what style of poetry does your Excellency cultivate?" "Chiefly the enigmatical," replied the other. "We felt doubly brothers after that," was Browning's comment on the tale,—o. o.

“THE J.P.” AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



The elderly J.P. is so feared by his nephew that the latter's wife has to masquerade as a man.



The woman masquerader asserts her rights as a man.



The woman takes her husband's trousers to masquerade in.



The poor husband hides beneath the table at the card party.

THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT AT PEKIN.

This enterprising journalist, who has lately been electrifying the world with startling telegrams on the Eastern imbroglio, is a graduate of Edinburgh University.

An Australian by birth—being a native of Geelong—Dr. George Ernest Morrison comes of a learned Scotch family. His father, who



died a few weeks ago, was Principal of the Scotch College at Geelong, and when at Aberdeen University was the most distinguished student of his course. The honorary degree of LL D. of Aberdeen University was conferred on him, and also on three of his brothers—Dr. Alexander Morrison, Principal of the Scotch College, Melbourne, Dr. Donald Morrison, Rector of the Glasgow Academy, and the late Dr. Thomas Morrison.

As a boy, Dr. G. E. Morrison showed a great liking for travel and adventure. While a schoolboy he travelled alone in a canoe some hundreds of miles down the Murray River. His next feat was to walk from Melbourne to Adelaide. When a student at Melbourne University the desire

THE MAN WHO SUPPLIED "THE TIMES" WITH SUCH EXCELLENT REPORTS FROM CHINA.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh

for travel again asserted itself. With the object of accustoming himself to a life of hardship, he went to the Bêche de Mer fisheries. For several months he worked as an ordinary seaman, and, subsequently going to Queensland at the time when a newspaper controversy over the kidnapping of Kanakas raged, he took a prominent part in it. Thoroughly understanding the position of affairs from what he had seen when amongst the South Sea Islands, he wrote strongly against the kidnapping. The outcome of the controversy was that the Queensland and then the Imperial Government inquired into the matter. A Royal Commission of Inquiry was afterwards appointed, and since then the laws regulating the employment of Kanakas have been strictly enforced. Next, the young adventurer began his marvellous walk across the Australian continent, from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne, a distance of 1900 miles. Prior to starting he bought a compass, which, however, he lost on the first day's march. Thereafter, he was entirely guided by the sun and stars. The following incident will show the thorough manner in which the walk was accomplished. One hot day Dr. Morrison fainted. On recovering consciousness, and finding that kind Samaritans had carried him some miles onwards, he went back and *walked* these miles over which he had been carried! The suit of clothes and the boots he wore are now in the Melbourne Museum.

When still a lad the daring colonial was asked by a leading Melbourne paper to take command of an expedition to explore and report on New Guinea. This he accepted. In face of many difficulties the explorer succeeded in pushing his way, accompanied by only a few followers, two hundred miles into the interior. The party was constantly harassed and followed by natives, but the commander was long-suffering, and would not allow any warfare to be waged against the aborigines. One morning, when leading the pack-horse in advance of his companions, the plucky pioneer was surprised by ambushed savages and struck by two spears. Enduring much pain, the wounded leader was with difficulty conveyed to Port Moresby, where he was placed on board a small schooner bound for a North Queensland port—Cooktown. His sufferings were much increased by fever and ague, contracted when the schooner anchored in the lee of a mangrove swamp. From Cooktown he took steamer to Melbourne, where he was operated on, also at Colombo on his way to England, and finally at Edinburgh, where the last splinter of spear, three inches in length, was removed by Professor Chiene and is now in his museum.

Taking up medicine, this adventurous Victorian graduated in 1887, and in 1895 obtained his M.D. While pursuing his medical studies, he was asked by Mr. H. M. Stanley to accompany his expedition to Central Africa. After qualifying, with the intention of going to the Isthmus of Panama, he went to New York, and from there worked his way to the West Indies, during which tour he studied several novel phases of life; for instance, while stranded in Jamaica, he walked round the sugar plantations from Ewarton to Montego Bay.

Family affairs recalled the Australian to his native land, where he obtained the appointment of House Surgeon to the Ballarat Hospital—a first-class appointment which he filled for two years. In 1893 he once more started travelling, visiting China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands. Returning to China at the beginning of 1894, he began his wonderful journey from Shanghai to British Burma. Dressed as a Chinaman, without knowing the language, unarmed, and unaccompanied by companion or interpreter, he accomplished the three thousand miles (much of it on foot) in a hundred days, at a cost of somewhat less than £20 sterling! After a short visit to some of the principal Burmese towns, he left Rangoon for Calcutta, in which city he nearly succumbed to an attack of remittent fever. Health being regained, he returned as

surgeon on board the *Port Melbourne* to Australia. A few weeks at home, and again he was on the ocean, bound for London. On arrival he published a most interesting account of his journey across China in a book entitled "An Australian in China." This book, which was flatteringly reviewed, showed that, in addition to his pluck and endurance, Dr. Morrison possessed a literary mind and a keen observation. After the publication of his book, in 1895, he received an appointment—for which he had always wished and aimed at—as a newspaper correspondent, and to-day is the "special" in China of the *Times*, in which capacity he has shown an amazing command of information regarding the inner workings of an almost inaccessible diplomacy. As this intrepid traveller and journalist is still a young man, much may be expected from him.

W. A. G. B.

A BANK WITH A HISTORY.

One by one the old landmarks of Fleet Street are yielding to the invasion of the British Haussmann in the form of the London County Council. Even before the Council's day Temple Bar gave place to a structure which, though allowing a trifle more room for traffic, has never, till the Jubilee lent it a passing interest, caught the public attention or favour. But since the authorities decided on widening the street, the old buildings have fallen swiftly under the house-breakers' hands, till Dr. Johnson himself would be quite at sea in his favourite promenade. One of the latest to be attacked is the old banking-house of Messrs. Gosling and Sharpe, which, like that of Messrs. Coutts further West, so little resembled the modern bank ornate, with brasswork, iron gates, and plate-glass, that it never struck passers-by as being a bank or business-house of any kind. The establishment dates from the Stuart times, and the original building was destroyed in the Great Fire which circled round the Temple Church leaving it almost unharmed. Since that time the Bank at the sign of the Three Golden Squirrels (a representation of which might have been noticed in one of the windows) has been in different hands, the firm of Gosling and Sharpe dating from over a hundred years ago. In the narrow space behind the railing which separated the bank from the street stood an old box which at one time served for refuge (and repose!) to the night-watchmen familiarly known as "Charleys." Several legends have gathered round this box. In it a resurrectionist was found hiding from the mob, which haled him forth and almost murdered him, and at another time it is stated that the "Watch" was slain by some person unknown, and his body left in the box. Soon after this the institution of "Charleys" gave place to a more serviceable force, and with a perambulatory police the box was no longer needed for the guardians of the public peace, and the bank acquired it for their own watchmen. It was used by them till about thirty years



AN OLD BANK IN FLEET STREET.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

ago, and remained upright against the wall inside a rarely opened gate till within the last week or two, when the activity of the curio-hunter, whose interest had been aroused by some account of its history, required it to be taken indoors. It is to be hoped that this relic of a bygone age will find a worthy resting-place where it can be kept to remind future generations of a quiet old-world street which was very different from the Fleet Street of to-day.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is the fault of political life that it invests politicians with a factitious importance while they are in it, and dismisses them to undue oblivion as soon as they retire from the Senate-house and forum. When Mr. Gladstone retired from public life for the last time, if not exactly for the first, he seemed to pass out of the thought of men. The personality that had filled the leading articles of the daily papers and the cartoons of the comic journals was cut down to a stray paragraph in the trivial gossip of the day. For the statesman, however great, is important rather by what he represents and controls than by what he is. The present stir about the dead orator is largely factitious; his death means little to any but his family and personal friends. But for the lull—not in the war, which has chiefly consisted of lulls, but in the war news—the journalistic outburst of recollection and obituary would have been reduced to very moderate dimensions. It is a brutal way of putting the matter, perhaps, but for practical purposes a retired politician is a dead man. The people has a short memory of benefits and injuries alike. Had Mr. Gladstone lived ten years more, people would have been asking what he had done when they heard of his death.

Perhaps the forgetfulness of the crowd may have some excuse in the present case. For Mr. Gladstone's greatness was, as Bacon puts it, "drenched in flesh and blood" to a degree not universal in statesmen. His eloquence, his knowledge, his literary ability, were always directed to some immediate end. He would make a magnificent speech expounding an intricate Budget; but the speech was done with and dead when the Budget was passed. Already, in next morning's papers, the oration seemed involved and ambiguous; with the loss of interest in the particular scheme of taxation, the speech became unreadable. The magnificent voice, the magnetic personal charm, these were gone; the text remained as wooden as one of Sardou's cheap sensations without Sarah Bernhardt to inspire it.

Mr. Gladstone was absolutely good, but he was only relatively great. Given a policy or a plan, and he would make the best possible speech, and win the most adherents possible for it. But the policy had not been his throughout, nor was it his original device. No other man could have obtained a majority, even small and temporary, for Home Rule; but Home Rule was forced on him. So, too, his historical reading never seemed to lead him to a political conclusion; it was rather the political view that sent him to history to support it by argument. The "baseness and blackguardism" of the Union with Ireland remained undiscovered till the Home Rulers held the balance between parties. It was not that the changes of view were insincere; but the statesman was a man of affairs, and could not go outside of the affairs and look at them dispassionately. He had no fixed point.

So, too, with his writings. Seldom have pamphlets created a greater stir than his at the time of their publication; seldom have even pamphlets fallen into more absolute oblivion. They were excellent for their momentary aim; for other purposes, useless. Burke's political pamphlets are a permanent part of English literature. But the influence of Gladstone's writings was that of a personality, not of a style. In all his floods of spoken and written words there are few memorable phrases, even borrowed, much less coined. His great rival has left behind him a handful of brilliant epigrams, a dozen phrases that have bitten themselves into the brass of history. Even Lord Beaconsfield's novels hang on the fringe of fame by their cynical brilliancy, though half-damned by the tawdriness of their Semitic cheap jewellery. But the writings of Gladstone—those it is beyond human power to keep in memory. The bound volumes may go to the upper shelf; the pamphlets have already reached the waste-paper basket. Original research or original style must be found in a work if it is to live.

Of style, Mr. Gladstone had hardly any sense, in others as in himself. His kindly post-cards—which were often used as cheap advertisements—fell, like the rain or sunlight, on good and bad books alike, provided that the subject interested him. Almost anything theological was sure of appreciation and admiration. It was an amiable trait in the old man to be so ready to give praise to excellent intentions, even when associated with execrable performance; but the placid acceptance of good aims as a substitute for good work, though quite British, was also quite uncritical. In fact, Mr. Gladstone's tenderness to the individual or the small community, beautiful as it was, was also baneful to his statesmanship. He would let business be delayed sooner than squash a self-sufficient bore; he would stop the wheels of State to save a fly. Beaconsfield looked only to the big and grandiose unity of Empire, and showed his contempt for individuals and sections too openly, so the sections deserted him, and he fell. Gladstone lost sight of the country in his kindness to individuals, and forgot that a State is something older and greater than a crowd of men living at the same time.

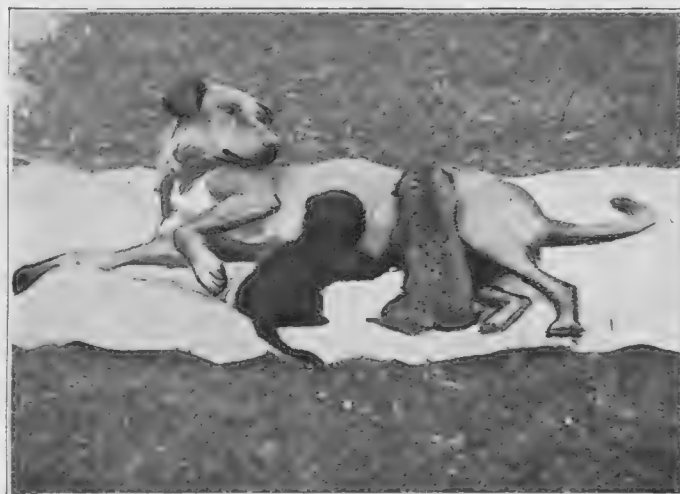
Still, with all deductions from his work, he remains a great, an imposing man; our present political and financial system is largely his work, if not perhaps his conception. And, though it is hard to mourn for a long-desired release, yet the nation may well regret the loss of an august figure. Above all, Gladstone's last years were the ideal of old age. A busy statesman, he yet accepted retirement fully and contentedly, and, having lived strenuously, he could grow old graciously and die nobly.

MARMITON.

THE CAIRO "ZOO."

To prevent his Queen soiling her dainty slippers in the mud, Sir Walter Raleigh spread his velvet mantle on the ground. Three centuries later, a Khedive of Egypt quite eclipsed the gallantry of the shrewd and needy courtier by constructing a road more than seven miles in length, through the ever-shifting sands of the desert, in order that his guest, the French Empress, might ride in comfort from Cairo to the Pyramids of Ghizeh. Since the Empress Eugénie made use of it, the Pyramid Road has become one of the most beaten tracks of touristdom, and remains one of the many monuments that testify to the breadth of view of that autocratic, spendthrift genius, Ismail, the grandfather of the present Khedive.

Ismail decided also that there was to be a "Zoo," and a site adjoining the Khedival Palace at Ghizeh, between Cairo and the Pyramids, was



PANTHER CUBS BEING SUCKLED BY A DOG AT THE CAIRO "ZOO."

Photo by Mr. A. Crossland, Private Secretary to Sir Elwin Palmer.

fixed upon. No expense was spared. The grounds were laid out by the most experienced landscape-gardeners. Little rivers and bridges like those that figure on a willow-pattern plate were constructed everywhere, but the crowning glory of the place lay in the pathways. These were all composed of small pebbles of various colours procured at great expense from Italy, and arranged in geometrical designs, almost resembling mosaic. The principal object of a "Zoo" may be different in different eyes, but there is probably unanimity of opinion about the fact that it must contain as good a collection of wild animals as it is possible to get together. This was the weak point of Ismail's "Zoo." There were a certain number of animals, a monkey-house, aviaries, and even a few bears and panthers, but not enough. After Ismail went the gardens were necessarily a good deal neglected. The Government had more serious tasks to attend to than that of providing tame elephants or performing seals for the amusement of the young fellah. The Ghizeh Gardens were lumped in with other "Government Lands," and until about eighteen months ago the supervision of them formed but one of the many duties falling to the lot of Mr. A. R. Birdwood, the Director of the Department. That Mr. Birdwood, who is a son of Sir George Birdwood of Indian fame, succeeded, with the meagre funds at his disposal, not only in arresting the decay of the gardens, but in introducing many improvements, speaks volumes for his energy. Meanwhile, things were getting easier in the financial department of Egypt, and Sir Elwin Palmer, who holds the purse-strings so jealously, came to the conclusion that he might at last do something for the Ghizeh Gardens without being held up to public execration as a spendthrift. The first step was to put the gardens under the control of an experienced superintendent, and Sir Elwin was fortunate enough to get hold of Mr. de Wynter, who has practically passed all his life in the celebrated Zoological Gardens at Antwerp, with which his father has been connected since their foundation. Almost immediately after his arrival, Mr. de Wynter began to reorganise the gardens, and to put them on a proper business footing. All the animals he considered unsuitable were weeded out and sold at most remunerative prices to gardens in Europe, and, almost before they had reached their destinations, half-a-dozen telegrams were received in Cairo asking for more.

One of the animals thus disposed of was a female panther, which, while waiting on the quay at Alexandria for shipment, unexpectedly gave birth to two cubs, one black, the other spotted, a most unusual occurrence for animals in captivity. A very troublesome legacy these cubs have proved. Mr. de Wynter for a long time tried to bring them up "by hand," using an ordinary infant's feeding-bottle for the purpose, but the task soon proved too much for him. After that he hit upon the plan of giving them a foster-mother in the shape of a dog, and a variation of the history of Romulus and Remus took place daily in the Ghizeh Gardens. The cubs, however, developed such a voracious appetite that they had to be provided with a fresh nurse every day or two, and no little ingenuity had to be displayed in satisfying their requirements.

A new bear-house has just been completed at a cost of about £1400, the exact counterpart of the bear-house in the Antwerp Gardens, and before long the Cairo Zoological Gardens will take rank among the most celebrated institutions of the kind in the world.

A. A.

ROUND ABOUT THE THEATRES.

It is said that once upon a time a class of young men at a school for journalists were set a task which consisted of going to see an Arthur Roberts piece and writing an intelligible, coherent account of the plot afterwards. The class, with one exception, declared that the task was impossible: the one except wrote a clear, logical story, but it was discovered that he had abstained from visiting the theatre. Now, I do not pretend that "A Modern Don Quixote" is really the subject of this apocryphal tale, but I cannot give an intelligent, coherent account of its plot, although I have seen it twice. Does it matter? Not a bit. The irrepressible Arthur would introduce disorder into the most symmetrical piece, and the only way to regard the works in which he appears is to consider them as mere vehicles for his humour. The musical play now revived is about the most effective of his vehicles. There is as much resemblance between the part presented by Mr. Roberts and the famous Knight as between Monmouth and Macedon, and, indeed, Quixotic is the last word applicable to the hero of the musical medley. Wherein, then, lies the secret of the applause? Partly, perhaps, in the lively music of Mr. John Crook, and the ingenious additional numbers; chiefly, however, in the wonderful pantomime of Mr. Roberts. We have no true means of comparison, yet I venture to say that he is as great a droll as Grimaldi, that his fine study of the doctor and patient is as truly comical as anything of the great clown, and that his hospital-nurse sketch—it is to be wished that the display of white mysteries were dispensed with—is as finely observed and quaintly presented as anything of the kind could be.

Perhaps some of the humours are a little too much forced. One may grow tired of the don's repeated proposals of marriage to the maidens of Hogthorpe and Château Angostura, his book of wedding engagements, and his comical business of offering each new *fiancée* a trumpery ring and cadging in return a valuable token of affection.

The admirers of Roberts have to take a good deal of lean with the fat—or fat with the lean, for the form of the phrase varies presumably according to the taste of the writer, who may be Jack Spratt or his wife. To enjoy his prodigious, exuberant humours, they must endure a number of efforts not wholly successful, for no one can stage-manage such an unruly member as to prevent him from making experiments and impromptu efforts on the stage before the eyes of the audience and a sometimes bewildered company. Art may suffer by the production of pieces in a style as undignified as the proceedings in a County Court, but who can refuse his laughter to the arch droll?

There are some clever people in the company, such as Mr. W. H. Denny and Miss Millie Legarde, who acts and sings charmingly.



A NEW SINGER—MISS AILSA LANDELLS.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The Matinée Theatre was very well filled the other evening, when a performance of "Olivette" was given by the Westminster



MRS. FISKE IN "A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA."
Photo by Dana, New York.

Dramatic Society. In the words of the song (for which Mr. Champness got an encore), the whole opera "bobs up serenely." The other principal male characters were efficiently filled by Messrs. F. C. Giddy, Astor Ramm, F. C. Knight, and H. Stringer. Miss Alice Linton was a piquant Olivette, and her song "The Torpedo and the Whale" was greatly appreciated. Miss Ada Medley made a handsome Bathilde, while the soubrette part of Velontine was well played by Miss Milligan. A hornpipe by Miss White received a well-deserved encore. Both the chorus and orchestra, composed of members of the society, did much towards the success of the performance. The costumes and wigs by Clarkson were, of course, excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will begin their autumn season at the St. James's Theatre about the middle of September, when they will produce Messrs. Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood's domestic comedy, in three acts, "The Elder Miss Blossom." The piece has already been tried in the principal provincial towns.

There is more than a possibility that Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will play an engagement in London in the spring of 1899. If she does, London will have the pleasure of seeing an American actress of rare accomplishments and remarkable attraction. She is, unless I am mistaken, the only native-born actress on the American stage to-day holding the highest place. Miss Rehan and Miss Julia Marlowe are neither of them American-born, the former being of Irish, the latter of English birth. Mrs. Fiske's acting is noticeable for its intellectuality and passion, a rare combination. She made her first popular success in Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Although not physically suited to the part, she carried all before her and won a triumph for her art by the intensity and truth of her interpretation. Mrs. Fiske has to a remarkable degree what, for want of a better name, we call temperament. She is not an emotional actress in the sense that Miss Clara Morris is, but she moves the most stoical by the force of her impersonations. At the present moment Mrs. Fiske is playing Mrs. Oscar Beringer's "A Bit of old Chelsea," and "Love Finds the Way"—the latter adapted from the German by Miss Marguerite Merrington—at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Both of these plays have met with success, and will be continued for some time longer. You may be interested

in seeing how Mrs. Beringer's play is mounted in New York, and how an American actress looks as a London flower-girl. Mrs. Fiske does not attempt the Cockney dialect, nor does she play the part for the sake of its realism, but rather for the poetry that she finds in it, and which she so well knows how to bring out. It will be as Tess that she will be seen in London.

Miss Imogen Surrey, whose name originally appeared in the cast as first published of Mrs. Craigie's play, "The Ambassador," at the St. James's, is the gifted amateur who gained some distinction at the last two performances of the Elizabethan Stage Society as the distressed Viola in "The Coxcomb" and the injured Clara in "The Spanish Gypsy." Miss Mary Jerrold, who now makes her reappearance, is, of course, the clever young kinswoman of Douglas Jerrold who played so well the little girl-student in Mr. W. R. Walkes's play "Mary Pennington, Spinster," originally brought out at a St. James's matinée. Miss Winifred Dolan, who has been for some time in Mr. George Alexander's company, is a niece of Mr. Alfred Austin, and, like the Poet Laureate, has family connections with Leeds.

This is the jubilee of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's arrival in England. Born in Mayence in 1833, he crossed the water in 1848, becoming a violinist in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre under poor Balfe. Think what a distance he has travelled to his ardent Wagnerism of to-day! He is director of the Carl Rosa Company and a Chevalier of the Saxe-Coburg family Order and the Crown of Prussia.

A new Scottish singer appeared at St. James's Hall the other evening in the person of Miss Ailsa Landells, who has been travelling with Señor Guetary.



MR. WILHELM GANZ.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Exeter Hall is sad over the awful perdition that awaits those who mount a wheel on Sunday. A speaker at one of the May Meetings declared that the sight of the multitudes who rode cycles on the Sabbath was enough to make the angels weep. I cannot quite see the force of the argument that a tour on wheels is more sinful than a tour on foot; but the logic of Exeter Hall is too subtle for ordinary intellects. Of course, one could understand that among the "unco guid" across the Border the profanity of the cycle would be something shocking, where even ordinary conversation is discouraged on the first day of the week. I think it was in Sutherlandshire where a father and son were walking to kirk one Sabbath morning. After half an hour's silence, the boy ventured to remark, "It's a fine day, father," to whom the stern parent replied, "Ma son, is this a day to talk aboot days?"

But we are not quite such strict Sabbatarians on this side the Tweed, and most of us regard the cycle as a fairly harmless mode of locomotion. The stock argument, however, of the anti-Sunday cyclists is that people who cycle on that day do not go to church. It is an open question whether or not they would do so if they did not cycle. Those who dwell in or near the City are, at any rate, without excuse, for the Rev. W. Carlile, the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, provides a short service for cyclists every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and not only provides accommodation for their machines, but also offers the riders a plain breakfast for threepence each.

Now that equestrianism is in its dotage, the merry-go-round, with its prancing horses, which formerly delighted the rising generation at country fairs, is naturally waning in the popular esteem, and its place is to be taken by something cyclic. The *Financial Times* states that a company has been formed, with a capital of £15,000, to boom this new toy. Personally I fail to see the fascination of being whirled round beneath the flaming gas-jets to the accompaniment of a discordant piano-organ until one's brain reels. But I left my 'teens behind me some years ago, and have not yet arrived at second childhood, so possibly my private opinion is of no account. But I am not inclined to invest any money in the venture.

M. Zola is not a popular man in France just now—at least, with the military party, and the military fever runs high in the veins of our volatile neighbours. But M. Zola is a cyclist, and enjoys to the full the pastime of the wheel. A short time ago, as he was riding near his home at Médan, he was assailed with derisive hoots by a gang of soldiers and peasants. To his expostulations they replied with missiles, until the distinguished novelist and champion of right against might was fain to escape as fast as his wheels would carry him.

What would John Knox have said to woman awheel, more especially to his own kinswoman, Lady Constance Knox, the daughter of Lord Ranfurly, the Governor of New Zealand? Lady Constance is just



LADY CONSTANCE KNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

thirteen; she is the second of Lord Ranfurly's three daughters. Her only brother, Viscount Northland, is now sixteen years old.



THIS SHOWS WHAT NEW ZEALAND CAN DO IN THE WAY OF BICYCLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Mr. Larnach, the owner of Jeddah, is well known on the Stock Exchange. He is very lucky in owning a colt equal to winning the Derby so early in his history as a racehorse owner. The colt ran second to Orzil in the Clearwell Stakes, but he ran fifth this year in the Two Thousand Guineas, and was fifth again in the Newmarket Stakes. This form was not good enough for Epsom, especially as the stable had Dieudonné in the race, and it is little matter for wonder that Jeddah should have started at the extreme outside odds of 100 to 1 against. The win did not suit backers at all.

The Manchester Cup or Vase is of Early Georgian design of Etruscan form, richly embossed with the fruits of the earth and heavily festooned with wreaths of flowers to connect the two handles. The panel in front is decorated with a view of horse-racing, the corresponding panel at the back bearing the various accoutrements incidental. The vase stands upon a richly ornamented and panelled pedestal, in front the arms of the city of Manchester, at the back a suitable inscription, while at the sides are appropriate racing groups. The cup was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Limited, Manchester.



THE MANCHESTER CUP.

When I dropped a hint in these columns some weeks back that there was an opening for topical racing-novel writers, I had no idea that I was touching on a weak spot in the book market. At any rate, two big publishing firms have already requested me to write books on the lines I laid down.

Unfortunately, time is too precious in my case to devote any of my labours to book-making, and the volumes must wait, so far as I am personally concerned. In the meantime I am glad to welcome the appearance of "The Galaxy Girl," written by my old friend Mr. Lincoln Springfield. His book deals largely with sport and sporting men, and I can detect two or three well-known men on the Turf portrayed in the characters used.

Already the Master of the Buckhounds is overwhelmed with applications from people wishing to gain admission to the Royal Enclosures this year, and I think it is a pity the tickets are not sold to the highest bidders. In that case enough money would be obtained in one year to pay for relaying the whole of the racecourse. It is a matter for congratulation that, despite the drawbacks in connection with the going, owners do not, as a rule, hesitate to run their horses on the Royal Heath, and I hear of several horses being specially saved for the fixture. I hope owners with animals engaged in the Cup will not hesitate to run them, as I do not think Galtee More can live the course.

Touting tipsters are becoming an unbearable nuisance, and I think the strong arm of the law should tackle some of the most important among them. I refer to those men who send unasked-for telegrams to publicans and others, giving "good things," and asking to be on the odds to five shillings if the "peas" come off. Several cases have been brought to my notice of late, the complainers being gentlemen who



G. CHALONER, TRAINER OF DUNLOP.
Photo by Hatley, Newmarket.

never made a bet in their lives. They rightly complain that the receipt of these telegrams is calculated to injure them in their business. I certainly do think that the senders lay themselves open to punishment, and I should like to see two or three of them prosecuted.

The prices of ring tickets vary. At Liverpool it costs you £2 10s. for admission to the Paddock and Tattersall's Ring on Grand National day. At a Plumpton meeting you could obtain the same privileges for fifteen shillings. Ascot is a cheap meeting, and Epsom a dear one. I think the time has arrived when an all-round ticket might be issued to admit to Tattersall's Ring at every meeting, and I certainly think that the Jockey Club should issue Press tickets which would admit members of the Fourth Estate to all meetings held under their rules. Under the present conditions, a reporter has to carry about with him dozens of passes, and it often happens that some of these are mislaid.

The managers of the Goodwood Meeting have, after all, decided to fall into line, and entries closed this week for the Goodwood Plate of two and a-half miles. I hope the race will "catch on," as we have far too few long-distance events. At the same time, I shall be surprised if the new fixture proves a big success, as it is run just as the entries for the Cesarewitch are due. The Newmarket contest always proves a good betting race, and owners can be relied upon to save known stayers for the item, over which money can be had from the ring. At the same time, Lord March is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and I wish him every success.

CAPTAIN COE.

CRICKET.

The new pavilion at the Oval is a distinct improvement to the great grounds. The Prince of Wales, it may be remembered, is the ground

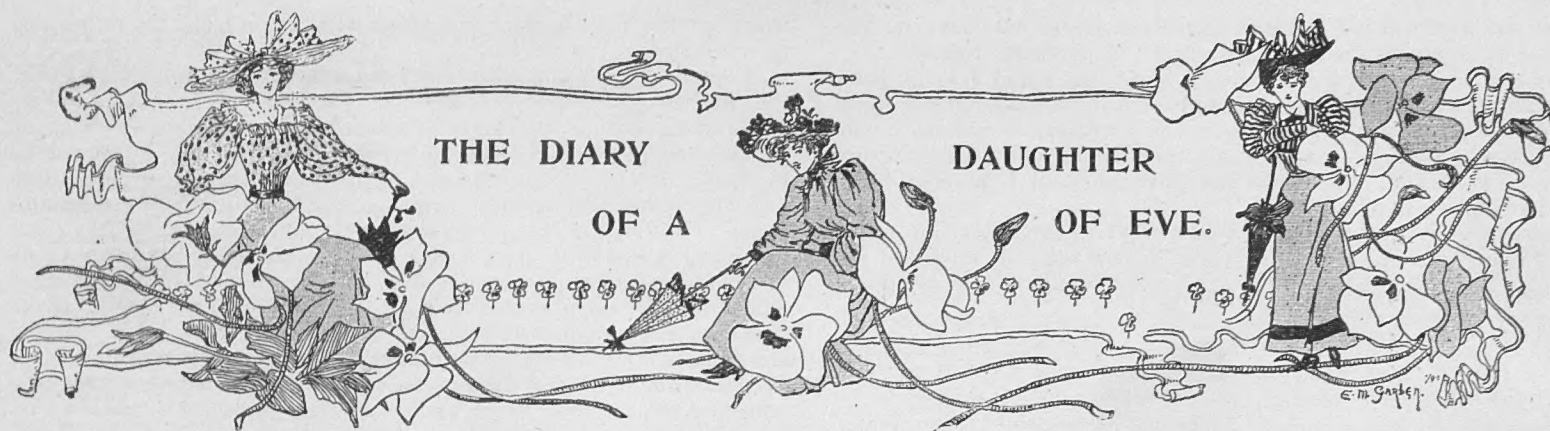


THE NEW PAVILION AT THE OVAL.
Photo by Symmonds and Co., Bouverie Street.

landlord of the Oval. Do you know, by the way, that the great Duke of Cumberland was created Earl of Kennington in 1726?

HUNTING.

Mr. Alfred Pease, M.P., might have taxed his readers' patience more severely than he has done in his modest "Hunting Reminiscences" (Thacker and Co.) without risk of wearing it out. He has something to say about that famous institution the Cambridge Drag, the Commons' Steeplechases, about horses and hounds, and about hunting fox, hare, and badger, and he says it brightly and well. Mr. Pease is well known in the Cleveland country as a straight rider to hounds, and he gives an account of a truly wonderful run over the moorlands—a run which he estimates at near twenty-one miles, which ended in darkness, and of which he alone saw the end. He doubts whether hunting-men will believe that this run occupied only an hour and forty-five minutes; but, in view of the nature of the country, it does not appear at all incredible. More about the Cambridge Drag would have been welcome, and one would like much to hear more of that very original sporting establishment at Oxford which consisted of an undergraduate, a tame badger, a beagle, and a bull-terrier. There was perfect understanding between the four, and each performed his part; the badger was expected to give a two or three mile run, the beagle to "speak" to him all the way, the undergraduate to keep the beagle in view, and the bull-terrier to stay at heel in reserve to aid in recovering the badger if he went to ground. One can only hope that the prevalent good feeling among the quartette was never marred by any selfish disinclination on the part of the badger to show sport. The book is slight, but very readable. Some illustrations from the late Sir Frank Lockwood's sketches add to its interest.



Wednesday.—Diana's acquaintanceship has its advantages—she invariably has a box at Epsom. This morning she wired to me to meet her at the station at 11.45, when she would personally conduct me to see the Derby. And it was such a lovely day too, not too hot and not too cold, and I felt that my grey covert-coating dress was ideal. This is the real

and ribbon. It is a great mistake to dress in foulards and silks and crêpe-de-Chines at Epsom, yet it was a mistake committed by several women to-day. I met a pervenche crêpe-de-Chine infinitely more suited to Ascot, and, while I admired the details of a black lace frock lined with ivory silk, sincerely regretted its inappropriateness.



A WALKING-DRESS.



AN EVENING-DRESS.

secret of being satisfied with the weather—I am not certain that it is not the key to woman's enjoyment of everything—the consciousness that she is properly clad for the occasion. My grey covert-coating dress has many strappings, the coat fits as it should fit, and I wore my new hat of black-and-white straw, and felt I looked exceedingly nice. Diana looked charming in twine-coloured cloth, with white net spotted with black velvet twisted round a turban hat, and a wonderful waistcoat of lace

Diana takes a day's enjoyment with a perfect appreciation of its comfortable possibilities. She is accompanied by her own servants, who serve our luncheon in admirable fashion, and she always secures her cabs beforehand; thus we have no crushing and no waiting and no humiliating drawback of feeling oneself one in a crowd, which always takes the fun out of any affair to me. I loved the racing to-day, especially when Jimmy was amiable enough to place in my hand seven

pounds, and declare that I had won it on Batt. I did not crave for the details, I was quite satisfied with the result. A nice man, Jimmy!

But how tired I was when I arrived home and found Julia waiting on my doorstep in cycling-costume; and she had the temerity to suggest that I should go for a ride, and then, when I refused, to upbraid me for my idleness. That woman's constitution is the only curse in my otherwise blessed life. She would not leave me until I promised to go and shop with her to-morrow.

Thursday.—What a woman! I have never known her like. But what she exceeds in vitality she lacks in courtesy. I wandered six miles with her to-day in search of pots for the outside of her windows,



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY HAT AT YORKE AND CO.'S, LIMITED.

in search of friezes for the inside of her dining-room, in search of satin panels for her drawing-room. From Bayswater to Bloomsbury and from Mayfair to Maida Vale did Julia drag me. And then, on the journey home, when I suggested that she should drive me to my door, she reproached me for my selfishness. So I wandered home by myself, realising my intense superiority, and thanking the stars that there were not many Julias in the world, to make one realise that there is some truth in the hideous egotism of the dogma "every man for himself." There, as a reward for my virtue, I found my new evening-cloak from Jay's reposing on my bed. I changed places with it promptly, and admired its charms of black lace, white chiffon, and pale-blue linings. It is really a charming cloak, and in the near future I will ask my amiable artist to sketch it.

How difficult it is to keep oneself properly provided with evening-dresses in these days of social joys. The most economical possession is a gown of black lace. This, with a low bodice and a high bodice mounted on white chiffon, will do considerable service. White lace dresses are much worn, too, over in Paris, all the hard satins and brocades of our earlier fancy being completely banished from the regard of the fashionable. We take all our fashions very soft. Our day-gowns are of voile or crêpe-de-Chine mounted on the softest of linings, and all the worthy evening-frocks show chiffon, mousseline-de-soie, and lace. One of the first authorities in Paris is trying with much success mousseline-de-soie painted with garlands of flowers, and I also hear that much favour is being bestowed on silk jackets for wearing with voile skirts at the races; indeed, that at the Grand Prix such costumes are to share all the favour with those made of lace. The approach of the Grand Prix makes one seriously reflective on the gowns for Ascot. How dear is life!

Friday.—"Then a hat-hunting we will go," shouted Florrie this morning when she had lost all the money she had at Epsom while wearing her old hat. She is a great believer in luck is my sister Florrie, and consigned the offending toque to the tender mercies of her maid, and made me take her to E. Yorke and Co.'s, Limited, 12, Clifford Street, where we met some admirable temptations. One of these I promptly telegraphed my amiable artist to sketch. It is of black straw, turned up in the front, trimmed round the edge with pink and black cherries and small clusters of foliage, a large sequined quill at the back with cherry-coloured velvet choux lending its influence. In view of Florrie's sojourn on the Thames, I persuaded her to Yorke's latest Panama hat of tan-colour, turned down back and front, edged with black velvet ribbon, trimmed with ribbon velvet in red spotted with white, two red wings in the knot, and cherries at the back of the hair. Another plain hat, equally attractive, was of white straw, braided with narrow black chip, turned up straight in the front, with two large green quills sequined in black, rosettes of green and white moiré fastening these in the front. Yorke has a new turban too, very prettily made of black and

white net, two folds in the front caught with jet pins, and the crown tied up with black velvet ribbons.

Florrie is very funny about her cottage, which is rapidly assuming the dimensions of a palace. Her husband, being well versed in the art of building, having discovered a place which was exactly what he wanted, and purchased it on these grounds, is now pulling it down brick by brick. For no ostensible reason, he is turning the drawing-room into a dining-room, a bedroom into a bath-room, and the library into a billiard-room. For love of change, Florrie says; and she declares that, last time she went down to inspect her property, the only stone left of its original bearing was in the coal-cellar, and that she carried in her pocket a little plan for the alteration of this. Somewhere in the middle of the twentieth century that cottage will be ready for occupation. In the meantime she has received with much gratitude my little offering of Cricklite lamps. It was good of me to give them to her. I have been reflecting on my own virtue ever since they have been reflecting on her mantelpiece.

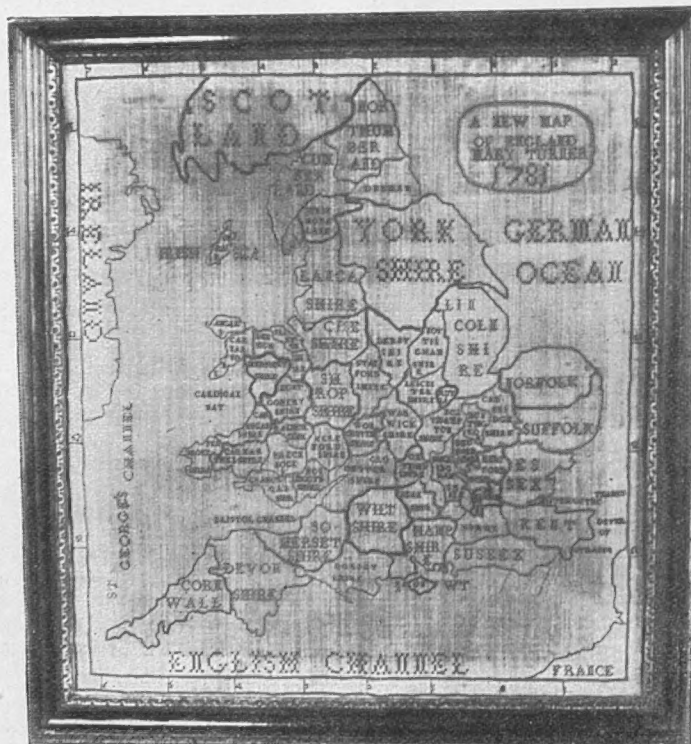
Florrie gave me a good lunch to-day, and conversed with me with much enthusiasm on the advantages of foundation sauces, holding forth on the charms of Cozenza's Maggi, which she finds is not only the ideal foundation of all soups and gravies, but the foundation of many a good cook's reputation as an artist. I quite believe her. Far be it from me to contradict her. And I did hear that the demonstration given at 95, Wigmore Street, on the 19th inst., to a party of thirty people, conclusively proved the advantages of these concoctions, of which there are three descriptions.

VIRGINIA.

A SAMPLER-MAP.

Of late years the old samplers which were worked by our great-grandmothers have been eagerly sought for, and many of them display such skill and exquisite workmanship that they are justly prized. These old pieces of needlework, which for many years have lain forgotten and neglected in old boxes and drawers, have once more come to light, and as we look at them we cannot help thinking that the up-to-date girls of the present generation would lack both the patience and the eyesight to execute the work. Remember that these samplers would generally be worked at night, by the light, such as it was, of mould candles, which required constant snuffing.

We may take it that generally, between her ninth and thirteenth year, every properly brought-up girl produced an elaborately worked sampler, sampler-map, or picture. It was a necessary part of our great-grandmothers' education. The girls of those days vied with each other in the production of these specimens of needlework. Some of them show great taste in the selection and blending of colours, while others are equally crude, not to say hideously ugly. Most of them bear the name of the worker, and the date when worked, and not a few of them have added the age of the worker as well. At the present day all these details give great additional interest to the collector of samplers, and especially so when they are fortunate enough to have been preserved in



the collector's own family. The sampler-map here represented is an exceedingly good specimen, worked upon canvas with very fine silks. The colours have been well selected, in shades of deep red for the outlining of the counties, the names of the counties and of the seas being worked in black. Mary Turner seems to have had considerable difficulty in squeezing in the names of some of the counties, but she has succeeded in producing a sampler-map which no doubt would be a source of great pride to herself and of envy to many of her girl friends.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 8.

THE BANK RATE.

The Directors of the Bank of England have seen their way to reduce the official rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and, although this itself will not afford great relief to borrowers, it at least shows that, for the present, we may hope for easier money, and that, despite wars and rumours of wars, there is no danger of a serious drain on our gold reserves. The Bank Return is a strong one, and the effect of its publication was to strengthen at once nearly all gilt-edged securities.

The market regarded the reduction not so much as an indication of cheap money as that the political atmosphere is distinctly clearer, and both jobbers and brokers are, as we write, more cheerful in consequence.

THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Among the new ventures which are almost immediately to be publicly issued is a limited liability company to take over the business of this well-known concern. The share capital will be divided into 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and Ordinary shares. Only the Preference will be offered to the public, and we understand that the profits will be certified as sufficient to pay the required dividend more than three times over. So confident are the vendors of the public response which may be expected for the issue that there is to be no underwriting, and even no brokerage, it is said. There will be no debentures, and none can be created except with the consent of at least two-thirds of the Preference shareholders. The Board will consist of the vendors, Mr. Langman and Mr. Gibson, who have so successfully conducted the business, and they will have as colleagues the heads of the various departments. The object of the conversion is, we are told, that customers may have an interest in the business, and, no doubt, as in the case of other trading concerns, the effect will be to largely increase the earning power of this splendid and old-established Home industry. We can confidently recommend our readers who are looking for a 5 per cent. investment to apply as soon as the prospectus is issued.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINES.

The following letter has just reached us from our South African correspondent, who tells us at the same time that he hopes his next letter will be written from Rhodesia. The South African Gold Trust, which our correspondent deals with in the communication we print, is closely allied with the Consolidated Goldfields, and the shares are very widely distributed among English holders, so that an estimate of the value of its various holdings from the spot is bound to prove of interest.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD TRUST.

Ready cash is a particularly valuable commodity at the moment for dealers in the Kaffir Market, and it is very unfortunate for trust companies, as for individuals, who have had to face the recent severe slump with their portfolios full up with scrip and their buying powers exhausted. There have been bargains going in the Kaffir Market lately, and the lucky man who kept his "rady" for Glen Deeps and Simmer Easts in the region of 40s., and Wit Deeps about 20s., will certainly make money in good time.

The South African Gold Trust began the year with practically no available cash in hand—a very unfortunate circumstance, as events have proved. The directors in their wisdom—the word is always associated with company directors—may have sold some blocks of shares early in the year when ordinary mortals began to scent trouble on the certain return of Mr. Kruger to power. Provided they did so, the position will not be so bad as otherwise it must be to-day. A review of the Trust's holdings is very depressing work, prices having shrunk heavily, generally from 25 to 30 per cent., since the end of the year. The Trust's holdings belong almost exclusively to the Consolidated Goldfields group of companies, and it is noticeable that such speculative counters as East Rands, Randfonteins, &c., are eschewed. More remarkable is the absence of Chartered from the Trust's holdings.

Consolidated Goldfields.—The Gold Trust held 100,000 shares in this company at the close of the year, having acquired the 50,000 new shares to which it was entitled during 1897. Of this large holding, representing one-third of the entire invested capital of the Trust, about the most that can be said is that since Dec. 31 it has shrunk in value 25 per cent. With the one exception of the Robinson Deep, the Goldfields group of mines does not include any first-rate property of high grade, and it consequently labours under a serious disadvantage when compared with, say, the Rand Mines group.

Simmer and Jack.—The Trust's holding is 55,000 shares of £5 each. It is difficult to see how this company, with the huge capital of £4,700,000, can pay 5 per cent., year in, year out. The market apparently takes this view, as the shares are at a very serious discount. It takes a profit of £20,000 per month (without allowing for depreciation) to pay 5 per cent. per annum, and supposing that the big battery of 280 stamps (240 now at work) will crush about 40,000 tons per month, profits would need to be at the rate of 10s. per ton. To allow for depreciation, &c., the rate must be from 11s. to 12s. per ton. For the two previous years, milling with 100 stamps, profits were at the rate of 16s. and 8s. per ton respectively—a mean for the two years of 12s. But with 280 stamps to feed, it will be extremely difficult to keep the average grade of ore sufficiently high to show a profit of 12s. per ton, even allowing for a low level of costs. The reefs in this mine are low-grade, and only of moderate thickness, usually under thirty inches, so that mining costs can never be abnormally cheap. Under existing conditions a profit of £24,000 (12s. per ton) may be earned some months, but it cannot be kept up. The Simmer and Jack had till recently a valuable asset in large blocks of shares in subsidiary companies, but these were disposed of, with few exceptions, at the end of last year to wipe off liabilities.

Simmer and Jack East.—The Trust holds 25,000 shares in this deep-level, which will probably turn out of equal grade to the parent mine. Development on the reefs has just commenced, and there will soon be sufficient data to form a definite opinion as to the value of the mine. The company is moderately capitalised, considering its enormous area, and the market valuation per claim at present prices is low. Sufficient capital has been provided to bring the mine to the producing stage, an event which ought to occur towards the end of next year. The £500,000 $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures recently created carry the right of conversion into ordinary capital at the price of 80s. per share.

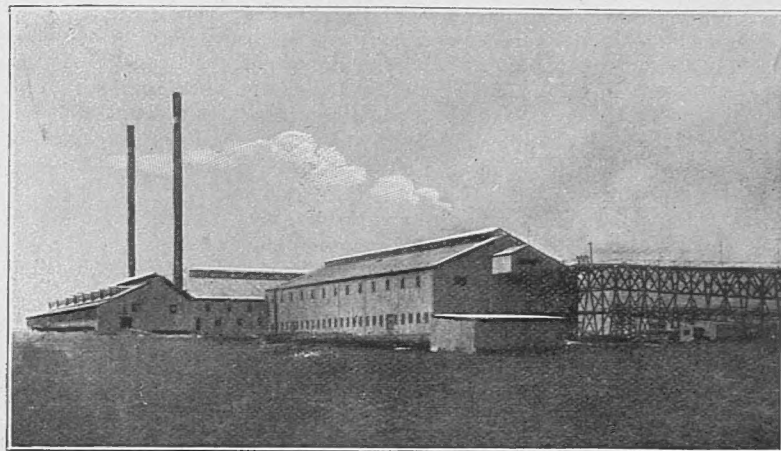
Simmer and Jack West.—The Gold Trust has 5000 shares in this mine, which is not so far advanced as the Simmer East, and is not in the same favourable financial position, hence the chief reason of the difference in market estimates.

Goldfields Deep.—A holding of 50,000 shares in this company represents a very valuable asset, which, however, has shrunk like everything else since the end of the year. The Goldfields Deep owns 300,000 Robinson Deeps and some fairly valuable "deep" ground in the central section of the Rand.

Nigel Deep.—This concern, despite an occasional rich strike, is not viewed with much favour here. Its eventual fate will probably be amalgamation with other Nigel properties. The Gold Trust owns 26,000 shares, the money sunk in which would have yielded a better return had it been invested in a good Main Reef mine.

Village Main Reef.—This is a good deep-level property, which has just recommenced crushing, and the 10,000 shares owned by the Gold Trust have shrunk less than possibly any other of its holdings. This is a good test of the intrinsic value of the mine, which is on the very best portion of the Rand.

Knight's Deep.—The 10,000 shares in this company and an equal number in Knight's Central form a moderate deep-level risk. Both companies are second-rate deep-levels. The first is on the immediate dip of the Glencairn and



DRIEFONTEIN-ANGELO BATTERY OF 220 STAMPS.

Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.

Witwatersrand (Knight's), and consists of 185 claims. Knight Central holds 415 claims still further to the south, on what is called the second row of the deeps, in this respect resembling the Simmer East and West.

African City Properties Trust.—The enormous shrinkage in the value of real estate in Johannesburg has told on this offshoot of the Consolidated Goldfields. The Gold Trust's holding is 10,000 shares. Real estate has fallen, on an average, quite 50 per cent., but it is really unsaleable in many cases at the moment. Owing to the exodus of people from the Rand, there is much unlet property, rents have declined to a 10 per cent basis, and tenants in many cases are in arrears.

The other holdings of the Gold Trust are 10,000 Luipaard's Vlei Estates (of doubtful value), 5000 Central Nigel Deeps (more doubtful), 5000 Robinson Deeps (an excellent investment; the pity of it that the Trust does not hold a larger proportion), 4000 Apex Mines (speculative, but probably a good thing), 2000 Modderfontein Extensions (a veritable wild cat), 2000 Sub-Nigel Mines (probably of little value), and 1000 Witwatersrand Deeps (a good investment).

We reproduce a general view of the Driefontein-Angelo mill, at which 80 stamps are now running for the former company.

Thursday, May 26, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should a nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Whitsuntide holidays we are obliged to go to press at an earlier date than usual. This must be our excuse to various correspondents whose letters are not answered as they otherwise would have been. They shall be dealt with next week.

J. D.—We wrote you fully on May 26.

S. S.—We have written to the address you gave, and you will find the letter there on your return. Kindly see Rule 5.

CAUTIOUS.—We think the Preference shares a very good investment, and, if held as an investment, likely to improve in value.

G. S.—We are much flattered by your letter of May 23.

VICTIM.—We have referred to the failure and reconstruction so many times in "City Notes" of every issue for the last month that we can add nothing to the advice we have already given.

O. D. V.—The new Capetown $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan, being advertised as we write, will be exactly the thing for you. You can sleep on it in peace.

The first general meeting of the shareholders of Lipton, Limited, will be held at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., on Friday, June 3, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC-HALL.

Many pleasant hours did I spend at the old Metropolitan Music-Hall, in Edgware Road. As a youngster, it was my greatest delight to get there in time to secure a seat right next to the chairman, who, from his little platform in the centre of the stalls, announced the "turns" as they appeared, kept the gallery in order, and condescended to drink and smoke at his "dear friend's" expense. And what a number of "dear friends," mostly youthful, like myself, the good fellow had! How many beauteous series did I not yearn to know, and what would I have not given to go to the place, a haven of bliss to my youthful mind, commonly known as "behind the scenes"! Now, alas! the gilt is off the gingerbread, and I yearn no longer. The stage of the ordinary music-hall is a most uninteresting spot in which to pass an evening. Everybody concerned is in a perpetual hurry. One sees artists flying from the stage-door to the dressing-rooms, thence on to the stage; then, when the first song is finished, a rush is made to change costume for the next item, and a final flight back to the brougham to be whirled off to the next hall, there to go through the same thing over again. Scenes have to be moved and changed in the shortest possible time between the individual "turns" in these days of lightning programmes. The stage-manager's post is by no means a sinecure.

Early in the sixteenth century, about a mile from Tyburn Gate, in the Edgware Road, there stood an old village inn, known as the White Lion. From the neighbouring Paddington (then Padynton) Green came the villagers when sport was over to drink and dance and be merry. A hundred years ago there were some two thousand inhabitants in the parish, but as the nineteenth century grew older so did Paddington increase in size, until we find at the present day that it is one of the largest divisions of London. In 1862 the old inn was pulled down, and not for the first time by many the place was rebuilt, but in this instance it was constructed as a kind of adjunct to the original Metropolitan Music-Hall. Some three years later improvements were made, and it then ranked as one of the finest variety theatres in London. It was a roomy, rambling sort of place, not one where you expected to meet fashionable people, for in those days the music-hall was essentially for the masses, and not the classes. But times change, and in these enlightened days the British matron no longer taboos the comic song, and is very often not above sampling the original for herself. Cases have been known in which she has even allowed her daughters to accompany her. So the dingy, close, and often uncomfortable hall was doomed, and we find London provided with sumptuous variety palaces, in many cases more beautifully designed and furnished than some of our popular theatres. Of the new Metropolitan recently built and opened, one is able to conscientiously say that nothing in the way of time, trouble, or money appears to have been spared to render it as nearly perfect as such a place can be. The modern environment of variety entertainment not only demands a fuller and better-class programme than was necessary a few years ago, but a building of fine proportions, and every constructional device and appliance to protect the audience. At the same time, the means of ingress and egress must be easy and safe, the internal decorations bright, harmonious, and with some display of good taste, while every comfort and convenience that experience can suggest must be part and parcel of the whole concern.

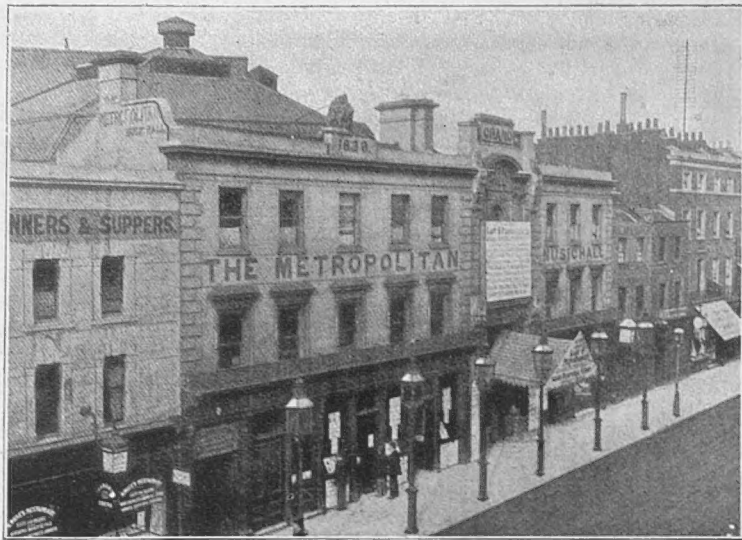
In this particular instance, the style adopted in the internal decorations is Flemish Renaissance, the painting being almost entirely in various tints of ivory liberally embellished with gold. Perhaps the most striking feature is the quartette of pictures in the four coves of the ceiling, respectively illustrative of "Old English Merry-Making," "An Indian Festival," "A French Carnival," and "A Spanish Revelry."



THE EXTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSIC-HALL.

The whole building is as nearly fire-proof as the limits of modern invention make this possible, and the usual iron and asbestos curtain separates the stage from the auditorium. A large house has been taken in at the rear, in which has been built a splendid series of dressing-rooms. In front of the curtain the whole of the upholstery is in two shades of crimson, and a plentiful use of pretty marble, both white and grey,

renders the pleasing impression of cosiness combined with coolness. A small sliding-roof adds to the ordinary means of ventilation to no slight extent, and simplifies the problem of how to keep the hall from becoming insufferably close. Effective heating apparatus runs through the house for use in case of necessity, and there are both complete gas and electric-light installations. There is even a small cycle-stable, where machines



THE OLD "MET."

can be left while the owners are enjoying the good things provided by the management, who take care that the programme shall be worthy of the beautiful hall over whose destiny they rule. The directors of the limited company which owns the Metropolitan are Mr. G. A. Payne, who is, perhaps, the greatest power in the variety world in London to-day, Mr. Gros, the erstwhile sole proprietor, and Mr. Henry Tozer. The general manager is Mr. Jack Edgar, a man of great experience and in every way to be considered the right man in the right place. It only remains to add that the architect of the new building was Mr. Frank Matcham, and that he has worthily carried out the task imposed upon him must be the unanimous decision of those who take an opportunity of verifying the details I have embodied in this article. B. M.

"INDEX TO 'PICKWICK.'"

There can be little doubt that the "Index to 'Pickwick,'" compiled by Mr. C. M. Neale (printed for the Author by J. Hitchcock, Streatham), is about the most exhaustive guide to that immortal work which has ever been published. Calverley, as everybody knows, compiled a set of examination questions on "Pickwick," and, with the knowledge of this before him, it was, of course, to be expected that Mr. Neale was not likely to fail in recording any of the subtle points made by Calverley. Therefore, in order to test Mr. Neale's accuracy and completeness on another side, I took my copy of "Pickwick" and compiled the stiffest and most allusive examination-paper I could devise, and then set myself the task of answering it by the assistance of Mr. Neale. These were some of the questions—

Where is the gentleman mentioned who might have passed for a neglected twin-brother of Mr. Smouch?

Who wore, and on what occasion, a very nice little pair of boots with fur round the top?

Who said his name was Walker and the name of his master Wilkins?

Where are the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge mentioned?

Say what you know about Lord Mutanbed's mail-cart.

Describe the conversation in which flannel waistcoats for infant negroes in the West Indies are mentioned.

What is "knocking at the cobbler's door"?

What character speaks of "flying the garter in the horse-road"?

State in general terms the age of the lady who "did" the poetry in the *Eatonswill Gazette*.

Who stayed at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent, and under what circumstances?

Who once strapped his trousers tightly over Blucher boots?

When did the fat boy "summarily devour a particularly fine mince-pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else"?

In all these questions save one Mr. Neale is emphatically equal to the occasion, for it need scarcely be said that they were all made out in the first place without any reference to his "Index," otherwise they would have been worse than useless. The only one to which you cannot find the answer is the last, for, although Mr. Neale has many references to the fat boy, he misses this great occasion; and it may also be said that the quotation involved in the first question is rather vaguely given in the "Index" as "a gentleman [like a] twin brother of Mr. Smouch." These are, of course, matters of little consequence. What is of moment is that Mr. Neale has produced a book of reference to "Pickwick" which is a miracle of carefulness, accuracy, fulness, and perseverance. The scheme upon which it is founded is remarkable, too, for its clearness and intelligibility.